

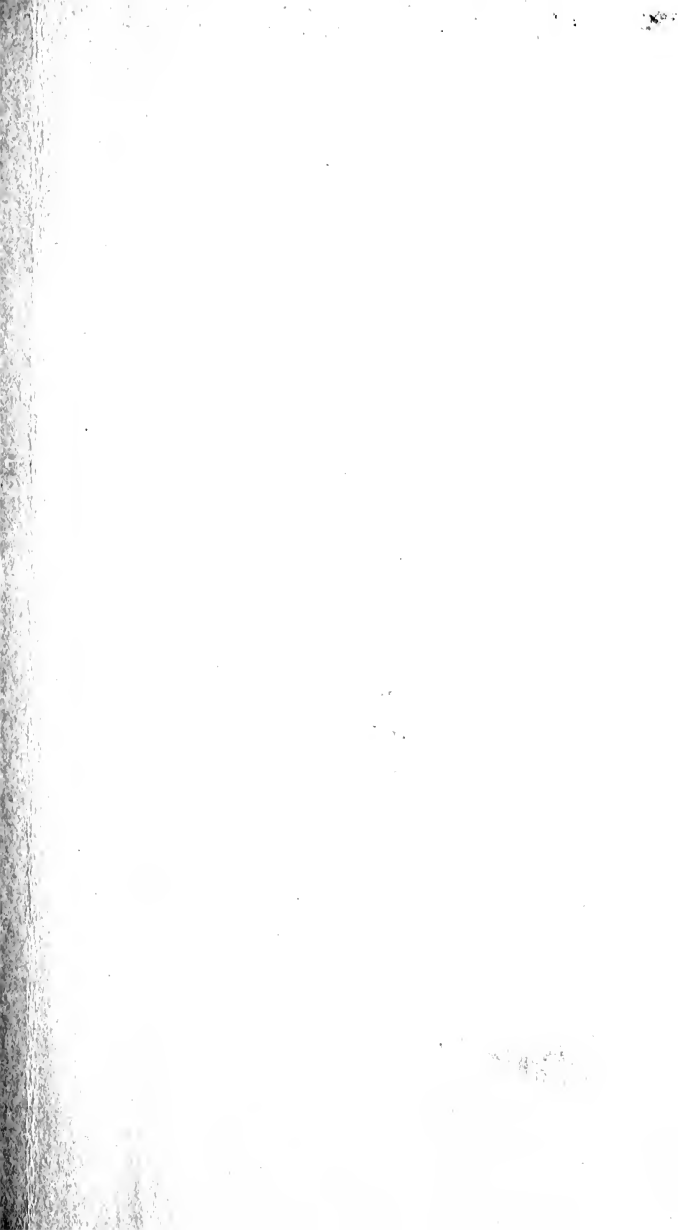


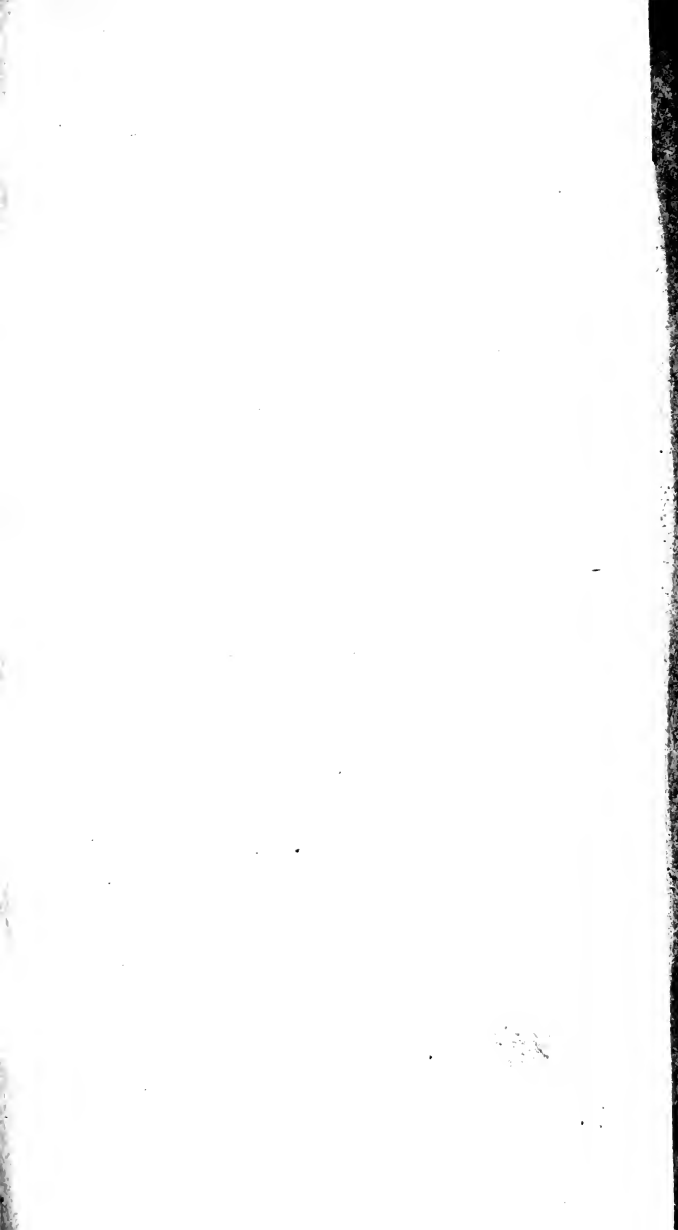
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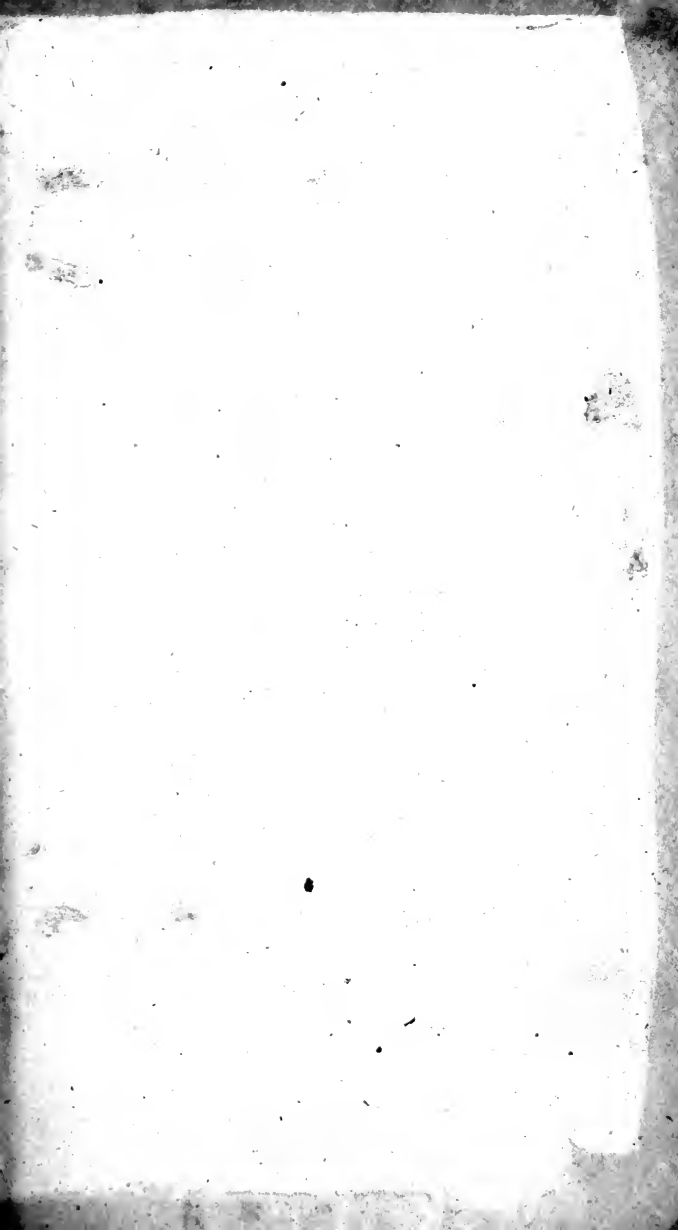


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Chiswick. 1820.

To

Alfred Charles Louth.
1861.

THE
NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

VOL. I.







THE NEW
ROBINSON CRUSOE;

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING

HISTORY,


FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN OF BOTH SEXES:

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



Embellished with Thirty-two beautiful cuts by *Bewick*.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.

1811.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

LIST OF CUTS,

With Directions for placing them.

	Page.
1. ROBINSON CRUSOE setting off for Plymouth	32
2. Discovery of a ship on fire at sea	54
3. Crusoe is cast on the rocks	78
4. He finds cocoa-nuts	108
5. Is completely cloathed and equipped— <i>Frontispiece to Vol. I. to face the Title</i>	
6. Kills a lama	137
7. Asleep in his cave during a storm	150
8. Catches a turtle	179
9. Domesticated lama	212
10. Escapes the effects of the storm	232
11. Returns thanks for his escape	245
12. Erects a signal of distress	275
13. Attempts to make butter	301
14. Endeavours to cut down a tree for a canoe ..	318

LIST OF CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

	Page.
15. Terrified at his own foot marks.	4
16. Rescues a savage from death.	34
17. On guard with his man Friday.	41
18. Lets Friday taste lama's milk.	51
19. Friday scalds himself—a pot of boiling water	60
20. Friday shewing Crusoe how to make a canoe	84
21. Making a canoe.	95
22. Crusoe and Friday embark in the canoe— <i>Frontispiece to Vol. II. to face the Title</i>	
23. They free the canoe from a sand-bank	128
24. Crusoe discovers a ship	143
25. Crusoe and Friday on a raft going to a wreck	155
26. Crusoe contemplating what he saved from the wreck	185
27. Removing his goods.	195
28. Crusoe and Friday going to attack some sa- vages	213
29. Friday discovers his own father about to be murdered	228
30. Crusoe searching a cavern.	259
31. Crusoe discovers an English ship	265
32. They embark for England.	298

P R E F A C E.

SOME writers have affirmed that mankind are all born with the same dispositions and the same degree of understanding ; and that education, laws, and customs, create all the difference perceivable between man and man. I confess, I can hardly bring myself to suppose that education alone produced the wide dissimilarity which exists between the characters of Thersites and Achilles, or those of Soorates and Anytus : at the same time it will ever be an acknowledged truth, that even he who

but small advantage from her gifts, unless they are improved by mature and judicious cultivation

It is unnecessary to undertake a serious demonstration of a truth universally admitted in all ages and nations; a truth confirmed by daily experience, and the practice of which was the object constantly aimed at by the labours both of the philosopher and the bulk of mankind. The improvement of the latter, as far as it can be effected by education, has been more attended to in the present age than ever it was in any preceding one. If the endeavour used to this purpose have not had all the success that might be expected from them, they have at least excited the attention and directed the minds of men towards an object, the accomplishment of which, as it is more or less perfect, has ever a
pro-

proportionable effect upon the happiness of families, and consequently upon the state of society in general.

A great genius of the present age has contributed, even by his false opinions, towards the accomplishment of this important object: for the errors of great men are remarked, and the discussion of them frequently leads to the truth from which they have deviated. Thus Mr. Rousseau's *Emilius* will, in spite of the false opinions advanced in it, always be a valuable book, both on account of the important truths which it contains, and those which it has caused to be discovered; and it would be unjust not to attribute to it at least a considerable enlargement in our ideas concerning education.

To free our species, as far as in us lies, from the ailments and disabilities

to which Nature subjects them from their very birth, is a great object, but certainly not the only one. It is essential to society that its members be sound and robust in constitution ; but if they are not, at the same time, honest, just, and good, they will be of more prejudice than advantage to society. Mr. Rousseau was perfectly sensible of this truth ; he has paid considerable attention to it ; but, if I may be allowed the assertion, he was frequently deceived both in the nature of social virtue, and the extent to which it should be practised. While he boldly attacks the prejudices under which we are enslaved from our infancy, he has, on the other hand, denied, or endeavoured to render doubtful, many valuable truths, which constitute our happiness in a more advanced age. While he meant
to

to prune away the greedy branches that impeded the growth of the tree, he has, though perhaps without intention, wounded its very roots. Whilst he wishes to assist Nature, he allows Nature too much; and where he thought he found her defective, he has not always been able to find the best means of supplying her defects. In a word, young Emilius is the child of Mr. Rousseau's fancy, not the child of education.

Nevertheless, the following work is indebted to that of Mr. Rousseau for the form that it bears. Mr. Campe, the author of it, expresses himself thus: "I never read the following passage in the second volume of Emilius without the most sensible satisfaction. Nothing upon earth can be so well calculated to inspire one with ardour in the execution

of a plan approved by so great a genius."

" Might there not be found means," says Rousseau, " to bring together so many lessons of instruction that lie scattered in so many books ; to apply them through a single object of a familiar and not uncommon nature, capable of engaging the imitation, as well as rousing and fixing the attention even at so tender an age ? - If one could imagine a situation, in which all the natural wants of man appear in the clearest light to the understanding of a child, and in which the means of satisfying these wants unfold themselves successively in the same clear, easy manner, the lively and natural description of such a state should be the first means that I would use to set his imagination at work.

" I see thine expand already, thou ardent

dent philosopher. But be not in pain; we have found such a situation. It is described, and no disparagement to your talents, much better than you would describe it yourself, at least with more truth and simplicity. Since we must have books, there is one that furnishes, in my opinion, the best imagined treatise upon natural education that can possibly be. This book shall be the first that I will put into the hands of my Emilius; this singly shall for a long time compose his whole library, and indeed shall always hold a distinguished place there. It shall be the text to which all our discourses upon natural science shall serve as a commentary. It shall be the criterion of our taste and judgment; and, as long as these remain uncorrupted, the reading of it will always be agreeable to us. Well, then,

then, what is this wonderful book? Is it Aristotle, Pliny, Buffon?—No: it is Robinson Crusoe.

“Robinson Crusoe, alone in his island, deprived of the assistance of his fellow-creatures, without * tools of any sort, yet providing for his safety and subsistence, and even procuring himself a sort of happiness, presents a subject interesting to every age, and which there might be a thousand ways of making agreeable to children. This you see realizes the ideal circumstances of the desert island, which I used at first as a comparison. I grant, it is by no means the state of man as destined for society;

* Mr. Rousseau is mistaken here. The *Old Robinson Crusoe* has plenty of tools and instruments, which he saves from the wreck of a ship; whereas the *New Robinson Crusoe* has nothing but his head and his hands to depend on for his preservation.

nay

nay, probably Emilius might never experience such a situation ; nevertheless, it is that by which he should estimate the value of every other condition in life. The surest way to rise superior to all prejudice, and to form our judgment upon the true report of things, is to place ourselves in the situation of a man cut off from all society, and to judge of every thing as that man must naturally judge, regard being had at the same time to his own degree of utility in the sphere of existence.

“ This story, cleared of all its unnecessary rubbish, beginning with Robinson’s being shipwrecked upon his island, and ending with the arrival of the vessel that takes him away, shall be both the amusement and instruction of Emilius during the tender age that I speak of. I will have his head run
upon

upon nothing else but Robinson Crusoe; he shall talk incessantly about his castle, his goats, and his plantations. He shall learn, not from books, but from things, every single particular necessary to be known in such a case; he shall imagine *himself* to be a Robinson Crusoe, and dress himself up in skins, with a great cap on his head, a broad sword by his side, and, in short, the whole of the grotesque dress and accoutrements with which we generally see Robinson Crusoe's picture represented, except the umbrella, for he shall have no occasion for that. I will have him study how he should proceed if he happened to be in want of this or that necessary; he shall examine his hero's conduct, and try if he has left nothing undone, or if he went the best way to work about what he has done; he shall remark
where

where he is wrong, and take care not to fall into the same mistake himself; for you need not have the least doubt but he will be for imitating Robinson in his whole plan. Nothing, indeed, can be better calculated to please the imagination at that calm period of life, when, if our wants are satisfied, and our actions unrestrained, we look no farther for happiness.

“What advantage may not an able master take of this romantic project in a child! a project to which he himself has given birth for the sake of the profitable fruits that may be reaped from it. The child, ever busy and eager to make provision for his island settlement, will be more ready to learn than the master to teach. He will desire to know every thing that is useful, and nothing more; you

you will have no occasion to spur him on.—The exercise of the natural arts, for which one man alone is sufficient, leads to the invention of the arts of industry, which require the co-operation of many hands.”

This Passage from Rousseau will explain, infinitely better than I can, the utility of a book composed upon such a plan; it now remains to be seen how far Mr. Campe, the author of the following work, has pursued Mr. Rousseau's idea.

The public is pretty generally agreed not to depend on the report of translators concerning the works which they translate, especially if their judgment be favourable to the original: and I believe this caution is well founded; for it is no easy matter to decide with impartiality

partiality where self-opinion has equal influence with justice in passing the sentence.

Perhaps some may not think as I do concerning this work of Mr. Campe's; particularly, those who are fond of metaphysical treatises upon education, will, no doubt, be disappointed to find nothing in the New Robinson Crusoe but things that are useful, introduced in an unaffected manner, clearly expressed and demonstrated without pedantry; they will be surprised to see children speak like children, and their instructor assume the simple language of childhood, in order to make himself understood. Those who are governed by the spirit of free thinking will find it strange that religion is respected and rendered respectable in this work; that God is represented as the mover of all things,

and

and the principle to which all our actions should be referred, as well as the motives which determine them, and the sentiments which gave them birth. These are, no doubt, particularities that may be remarked: nevertheless, at this time of day, to think wisely, we must not always think with philosophers.

“The Old Robinson Crusoe,” says Mr. Campe, in his preface to the original of this work, “independent of its other defects, is erroneous in one particular sufficient to destroy every advantage that this History might produce, which is, that Robinson Crusoe is provided with all sorts of European tools and instruments necessary to procure him many of those conveniences that belong to society. Thus the opportunity is lost of affording the young reader a lively sense both of the wants of man in a state
of

of solitude, and the multiplied happiness of a social life; another important reason why I thought proper to depart from the old History of Robinson Crusoe.

“ I have, therefore, divided the time of my New Robinson Crusoe’s remaining upon the island into three periods. In the first he is all alone and destitute of any European tool or instrument whatsoever, assisting himself merely by his hands and invention; in order to shew, on the one hand, how helpless man is in a state of solitude, and, on the other, how much reflection and persevering efforts can contribute to the improvement of our condition. In the second period, I give him a companion, on purpose to shew how much a man’s situation may be bettered by taking even this single step towards society. Lastly,
in

in the third period, a vessel from Europe is shipwrecked on his island, and gives him an opportunity thereby of providing himself with tools and most other articles necessary in common life, in order that the young reader may see how valuable many things are of which we are accustomed to make very little account, because we have never experienced the want of them."

Thus far the French Translator's Preface; which containing a very ample explanation of the plan and scope of the following work, there is little necessity to offer any thing in addition to what he has said upon that subject. It only remains for the English Translator to request the indulgence of the
Public,

Public, an account of the deviations which he has taken the liberty to make from the original. Many passages he has found himself obliged either to omit entirely, or to throw into a new form, according as the difference of national manners and character seemed absolutely to require it. He hopes, however, that this liberty has never been used unless under circumstances of unavoidable necessity. For the external form of this little work, it is but just to observe, that no pains have been spared to embellish it, and that the addition of 32 handsome cuts cannot fail of rendering it at once more sprightly and intelligible to the young reader, for whom it is intended. In effect, these little prints serve admirably to afford the child a just conception of the remarkable passages in a work; and it may, perhaps, be affirmed,

affirmed with truth, that no parts, even of the most interesting stories, make a stronger or more lasting impression on the memory, than those which are the subjects of the cuts.

With these advantages, it is hoped, the New Robinson Crusoe will find its way to the studies of the younger class of both sexes, and afford them at once both innocent entertainment and moral instruction.

THE
NEW
ROBINSON CRUSOE.

FIRST EVENING.

A GENTLEMAN, of the name of Billingsley, resided some years ago at Twickenham, who, having a pretty large family, and but a moderate fortune, determined to undertake himself the care of his children's education. He proposed, by this plan, on the one hand, to avoid the enormous expence of keeping them at what are called genteel boarding-schools, and, on the other,

to enjoy the pleasing observation of their improvement in learning, sense, and good behaviour. To remark, with silent but attentive eyes, the gradual advance of his children towards the perfection of reason and virtue ; to assist, with his advice and instruction, their endeavours to become more learned, honest, and wise ; and to have the happy consciousness, that he should one day be considered, what all parents ought, as the instrument and cause of his children's eternal welfare ; all this, he thought, would be more than a sufficient reward for whatever cares and fatigue he should undergo in the course of their education.

He, therefore, laid down for them a regular plan of study, to which he afterwards strictly adhered. In this was included a course of reading ; and some book, that was at once both instructive and entertaining, afforded them amusement every evening for two or three hours before supper. But, as this exercise was meant by their father solely to increase their fund of knowledge,
and

and enlarge their understanding, in order that it might appear rather as a relaxation from their closer studies, than a labour imposed on them, Mr. Billingsley, in general, undertook the task of reading himself. The following history of the New Robinson Crusoe was, during some weeks, the subject of their evening's entertainment ; and was thus introduced.

Mr. and Mrs. Billingsley, being seated by the parlour fire, together with Mr. Rose and Mr. Meredith, two intimate friends of the family, and all the children, whose names will appear successively in the course of the story, being assembled in their proper places, Mr. Billingsley began his relation as follows :

Mr. Billingsley. Well, my dear children, I have a book for your entertainment this evening that contains a very extraordinary story. Some parts of it will make your hair stand on end, and others will perfectly delight you.

B 2

George.

George. Ah! but do not let it be too melancholy, papa.

Harriet. No, my dear papa, not too melancholy; for then it will make us all cry, you know.

Richard. Hold your tongues; papa knows what to read, I warrant you.

Mr. Bill. Do not be uneasy, my dears, I will take care that there shall not be any thing too tragical in it.

There lived in the town of Exeter a person of the name of Crusoe, who followed the profession of a broker. He had three sons, the eldest of whom, having an inclination to serve in the army, enlisted himself as a soldier, went abroad with his regiment to Flanders, and was killed at the battle of Fontenoy.

The second entered the University of Oxford, and made a considerable progress in learning; but pursuing his studies with too much eagerness, he impaired his health beyond all possibility of recovering, and died of a consumption.

There

There remained, therefore, but the youngest, whose name was Robinson. In him, as he was now become their only son, Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe placed all their hopes and expectations. They loved him as the apple of their eye, but their love was blind and injudicious.

Geo. What is the meaning of that, papa?

Mr. Bill. I will tell you—your mother and I love you all, my dear children, as you well know; but for that very reason we keep you close at your business every day, and teach you many things both useful and agreeable, because we know that to be the best way to make you good and happy. But Robinson's parents did not act in the same manner. They suffered their *dear child* to do whatever he pleased; and as this *dear child* liked better to play than to work or to learn any thing, they let him play almost the whole day long, by which means he learned little or nothing. Now this is what we call an injudicious love in parents.

Geo. I understand now, papa.

Mr. Bill. Robinson grew up a stout stripling before his parents had determined what profession they should give him. His father was desirous that he should learn some trade, but the son had not the least inclination that way. He said he should like better to travel, to see the world, and become acquainted with the various objects and customs that foreign countries afford.

In speaking thus, young Crusoe shewed his ignorance and folly. If he had begun by laying in a good stock of learning, it would have been another matter. But what profit could a raw, ignorant boy, like him, gain by seeing foreign countries? When a man wishes to make his way in the world, be it in what country it will, he ought to be provided beforehand with a tolerable share of knowledge ; but this was what Robinson never once thought of.

He was now seventeen years of age. The greatest part of this time he had mispent in sauntering about and playing in the streets of Exeter. Every day he was teasing his
father

father for leave to go and travel. But his father told him that he did not know his own mind, nor what sort of a request he was making and therefore would not hear a word upon the subject. "My dear child," his mother would say to him, "stick to your own country, and never think of rambling."

One day———

Harriet. Aha! now it begins.

Edw. Pshaw! hold your tongue.

Mr. Bill. One day, when, according to custom, he was strolling about the streets, he met one of his old playfellows, whose father was captain of a ship trading to Amsterdam, and who had just come down from Plymouth to see some of his relations that lived at Exeter. He told Robinson that he was to set off with his father in a day or two for Amsterdam.

Charlotte. What, papa, by the stage?

Henry. No, Charlotte, but in a ship; for you must cross the sea to go to Amsterdam. Well, papa.

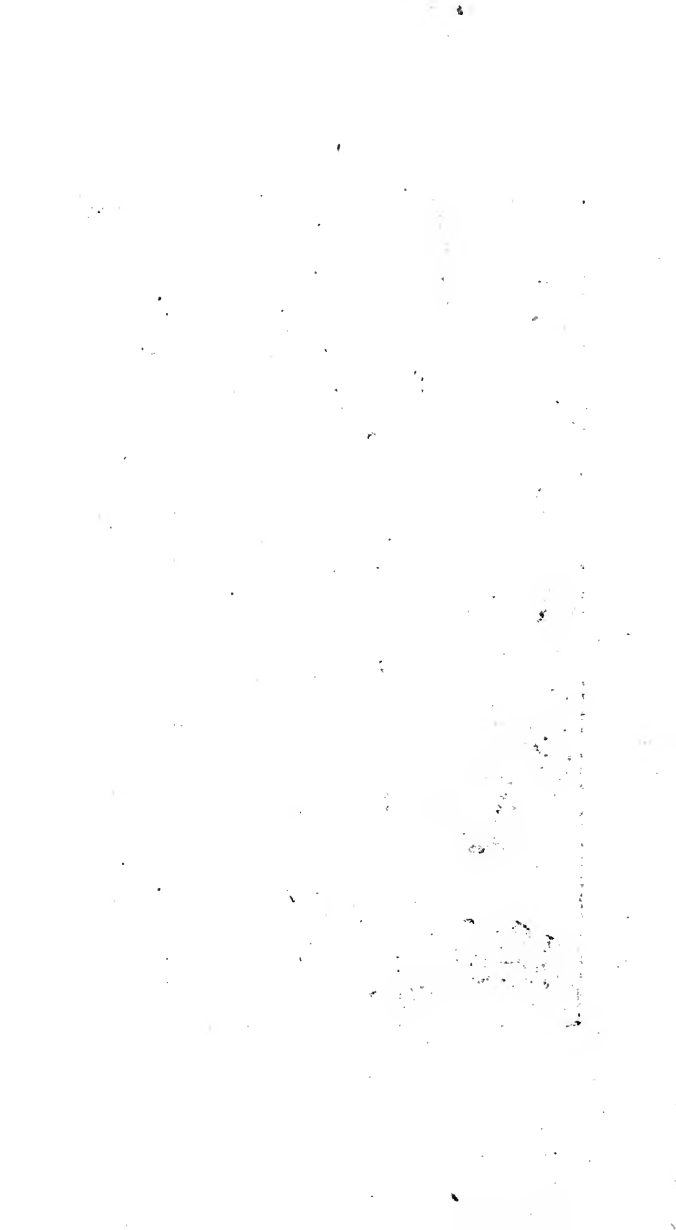
Mr. Bill. He asked Robinson if he should

like to go with him. "Yes, very well," replied he, "but my parents will not consent to it." "Pooh?" said the other, "come on with me as you are, just for the frolic. We shall be back again in a month or six weeks; and as to your father and mother, you have only to let them know where you are gone." "But," says Robinson, "I have no money in my pocket." "You will not want any," replied his companion; "but if you should, when we arrive at Amsterdam, I'll supply you."

Young Crusoe hesitated a few moments, as if considering what resolution he should take; at last, slapping his companion's hand, he cried, "Agreed, my boy! I will go along with you: let us set off this moment for Plymouth." At the same time he commissioned one of his acquaintances to let his father know (after the expiration of a few hours), that he was only gone to see the city of Amsterdam, in Holland, and that he should be back in a week or two.

Rich. I do not like this Mr. Robinson
Crusoe *Edw.*





Edw. Nor I neither.

Mr. Rose. Why so, Richard?

Rich. Because he seems to make nothing of leaving his father and mother without their permission.

Mr. Rose. You are extremely right, Richard; he committed there a very rash foolish action, and we should pity him for his folly. But, thank Heaven, there are not many young persons now so ignorant as not to know their duty towards their parents.

Edw. What! are there other boys then like Robinson Crusoe?

Mr. Rose. I have not yet found any; but one thing I know for certain, which is, that no good can ever come of young people who behave like him.

Rich. Well, let us hear what becomes of Robinson.

Mr. Bill. A short time after Robinson and the captain's son were got on board, the sailors weighed anchor and set their sails. The wind blew fresh, and they cleared out

of the harbour, bidding adieu to Plymouth for a short while. Young Crusoe was upon the deck with his friend, and almost out of his wits with joy that he was at length going to begin his travels.

The evening was fine, and the breeze blew so favourably, that they soon lost sight of the town and harbour of Plymouth. They were now on the open sea, and Robinson stared with admiration when he saw nothing before him but the sky and the water. By degrees they began to lose sight of land, and as night came on, they could see nothing on that quarter but the Eddystone lighthouse. This also disappeared in a short time, and from that moment Robinson saw nothing above him but the sky, nor before, behind, and all round him but the sea.

Geo. That must be a prospect.

Mr. Mered. It is not impossible but you may see such a one before it be long.

Geo. Oh! shall we go upon the sea?

Mr. Mered. If you will be very attentive
while

while you are learning geography, so as to know which course you must take to go from one place to another.

Mr. Bill. Yes, and if by working constantly, and being temperate in your victuals, you make your bodies hardy enough to bear the fatigue of such a voyage, we, may, perhaps, some day in summer, take a boat down the river as far as London, where some of you have never been yet.

All the Children. Oh! oh!

Mr. Bill. I cannot tell but we may take a trip to Margate for a few weeks, where you will have as wide a prospect of the sea as Robinson Crusoe had when he was sailing out of Plymouth harbour. (*Here they all get up and run about their father. They hang on his neck, his arms, and his knees, expressing their joy with caresses, clapping of hands, and jumping about.*)

Harriet. Will you let me make one of the party?

Mrs. Bill. Yes, my dear, if you are able to go so far.

Harriet. But it is very far, is not it papa? Perhaps farther than Richmond, where Mr. Compton lives, and another gentleman that has a great house and a large garden—oh! so large! a great deal larger than our garden. I was all through it, was not I, papa? the day that Charlotte and I were gathering cowslips in the meadow.

Mr. Bill. Yes, I remember, and we were looking at the folks plowing.

Harriet. Yes, and we went into a smith's forge that was by the road's side.

Mr. Bill. And afterwards up into a windmill.

Harriet. Ah, yes, where the wind blew off my bonnet.

Mr. Bill. Which the miller's boy brought back to you again.

Harriet. That was a good boy; was not he, papa?

Mr. Bill. Yes, he was a good boy for being so obliging as to do us a kindness, though he had never seen us before.

Harriet.

Harriet. However, you gave him something, I suppose.

Mr. Bill. Certainly, my dear, I gave him something; for every one likes to reward those that are obliging—But we forget Robinson Crusoe. We must make haste to overtake him, or else we shall lose sight of him, for he is going at a furious rate.

For two days they had constantly good weather, and a favourable wind. The third day the sky was darkened with clouds, the wind blew with uncommon violence, and the air grew every moment darker and darker.

In short, it was a dreadful storm. At one time the lightning flashed as if the sky was on fire; then succeeded a pitchy darkness, like that of midnight, with claps of thunder which they thought would never end. The rain came down in floods, and the violence of the wind tossed the sea about in such a manner that the waves swelled and rose mountains high.

Then it would have been worth while to
see

see how the ship went see-saw. One time a large wave carried it, as it were, up to the clouds; another time it dipped down as if it was going to the bottom of the deep; then it rolled to one side and the other, and lay down so flat that at times its very masts seemed to touch the water.

What a noise was amongst the ropes! what a clattering upon the deck! The sailors were obliged, each of them, to hold fast to something or other for fear of being washed overboard. Robinson Crusoe, who had never been accustomed to all this, grew giddy, felt a sickness at his stomach, and was so bad that he thought he should have vomitted to death. They call it seasickness.

Rich. That is what he has gained by running away.

Mr. Bill. "Oh! my poor parents! my poor father and mother!" cried he incessantly; "they will never see me more! Oh miserable fool that I am to have brought this affliction on them!"

Crack!

Crack! went something on the deck. "Heaven have mercy on us;" cried the sailors, turning as pale as death, and clasping their hands together. "What is the matter?" asked Robinson, who was half dead with affright.

"Ah! we are all lost!" answered one of the seamen; "the lightning has shivered our mizen-mast to pieces," (that is, the hindmost of the three masts that are in a ship,) "and the main-mast stands by so slender a hold that we must cut it down and throw it overboard."

"We are all lost!" cried out another voice from below; "the ship has sprung a leak, and there are four feet water in the hold."

At these words Robinson, who was sitting down on the cabin floor, fell backwards void of sense and motion. All the rest ran to the pumps, in order, if possible, to keep the vessel afloat. At last, one of the sailors came and shook Robinson by the shoulder, asking him if he intended to be the only one who would do nothing for the preservation of
of

of the ship, but lie there stretched at his length while all the rest of the people worked until they were not able to stand.

He tried, therefore, to rise, weak as he was, and took his place at one of the pumps. In the mean time the captain ordered some guns to be fired as a signal of distress to other ships, if there should happen to be any within hearing capable of assisting them. Robinson, who did not know the meaning of these shots, thought the vessel was splitting in pieces, and fainted away again. One of the sailors, who took his place at the pump, pushed him on one side with his foot, and left him there stretched at full length, imagining that he was dead.

They pumped with all their strength; nevertheless the water still gained upon them in the hold, and now they only waited for the moment when the vessel would sink. In order to lighten her, they threw overboard every thing that they could possibly spare, as the guns, bales of goods, hogs-

hogsheads, &c. But all that was of no manner of service.

However, another ship had heard their signals of distress, and, as the storm began about this time to abate considerably, ventured to send out her boat, in order, if possible, to save the crew. But the boat could not come near, the waves running too high. At length, however, they came near enough to throw a rope to the people who were on board, by means of which they towed the boat close under the ship's stern, and then every one who could make use of his legs eagerly jumped into it. Robinson, who could not stand upon his, was tumbled in hastily by some of the seamen more compassionate than the rest.

They had hardly rowed many minutes, before the ship, which was still pretty near them, sunk before their eyes. Happily the storm was now almost totally abated, otherwise the waves would inevitably have swallowed up the boat, which was then as full of people as it could hold. After many dangers

dangers it got safe at length to the ship, where they were all taken in.

Geo. Ah! well, I am glad, however, that the poor people were not drowned.

Edw. I was sadly in pain for them.

Harriet. Well, this will teach master Robinson never to be so naughty again.

Mrs. Bill. That is just my opinion too. Let us hope that he will be the better for this danger.

Henry. Well, what became of him after?

Mr. Bill. The ship that had taken him and the rest of the crew in, was bound to London. In four days she arrived at the Nore, and the next day came to anchor in the river.

Charlotte. What is the Nore, papa?

Mr. Bill. The Nore is a small sandy bank at the mouth of the Thames, where a vessel is constantly stationed, which hangs up two lights every night to be a guide to ships that enter the river.

They now landed, and happy was each one

one to have thus escaped the dangers of the sea. As to Robinson, his first care was to see London, and for this purpose he spent a day or two in rambling all over the city, where he met with such a variety of new objects as entirely put the remembrance of past dangers out of his head, as well as all thoughts of the future. Happening one day to meet the captain with whom he had set sail from Plymouth, he received an invitation to dine with him, which was very agreeable to Robinson, as he had spent what little money he had borrowed from the captain's son, and his pocket now was not able to afford him a single meal. At dinner the captain asked him what particular motive he had for going to Amsterdam, and what he intended to have done there. Robinson answered him frankly, that he had nothing in view but his amusement: that he had come off unknown to his father and mother, and at present did not know what to do with himself.

“Unknown to your father and mother!”
cried

cried the captain, laying down his knife and fork: "Good heavens! why did not I know that before? Believe me, imprudent young man, if I had known so much at Plymouth, I would not have taken you on board of my ship, if you had offered me a million of money."

Robinson sat with down-cast eyes blushing for shame, and unable to answer a single word.

The honest captain continued to represent to him the folly that he had been guilty of, and told him that he could never be happy unless he repented of what he had done, and obtained forgiveness of his parents. At these words Robinson wept bitterly.

"But what can I do now?" cried he at length, sobbing heavily. "What can you do?" said the captain, "Return to your parents, fall on your knees before them, and, like a sensible and dutiful lad, implore their pardon for your imprudence: that is what you can do, and what you ought to do."

Harriet.

Harriet. Ah, papa, I like this captain much; he was a very good man.

Mr. Bill. My dear, he did what every one ought to do when he sees his fellow-creature fall into an error; he endeavoured to bring this young man back to his duty.

“Will you take me with you to Plymouth again?” said Robinson.

“Who, I?” said the captain: “Have you forgot, then, that my ship is lost; I may be a considerable time before I return there in a ship of my own: but as for you there is not a moment to lose: you should go aboard of the very first vessel that sails for Plymouth, if it were even to-day.

“But,” says Robinson, “I have no money.”

“Well,” said the honest captain, “I will lend you a couple of guineas out of the little that I have to spare. Go down to the river, and get aboard of some vessel that is bound for Plymouth, unless you rather chuse to travel by land. If your repentance is sincere, God will bless your return
and

and make it happier than your outset has been." With these words, having made an end of dinner, he shook Robinson by the hand and wished him a good voyage, who parted from him with many thanks for his kindness and good advice.

Edw. What, is he going back home again already? I thought the story was only beginning.

Mrs. Bill. Are not you satisfied, then, my dear Edward, that he should go home to his parents, and put an end to the sorrow and distress that they suffer on his account?

Mr. Mered. And are you not pleased to find that he sees his error, and is willing to make amends for it?

Edw. Yes—that—to be sure. But I thought to hear something diverting before it came to that.

Mr. Bill. Well, he is not returned home yet. Let us hear the remainder of his adventures.

While he was walking down towards the river, his head was filled with various reflections.

flections. "What will my father and mother say," thought he to himself, "if I go back to them now? Certainly they will punish me for what I have done. And then all my companions, and every one else that hears of it, what game they will make of me for returning so soon, after seeing only two or three streets of London!"

This thought made him stop short. One moment he seemed determined not to go home yet; again, he reflected on what the captain had told him, that he would never be happy unless he returned to his parents. For a long time he was at a loss what to resolve on. At length, however, he went down to the river; but there he learned, to his great satisfaction, that there was not a single vessel in the river bound for Plymouth. The person who gave him this information was a captain of a ship in the African trade, who was shortly to set sail for the coast of Guinea.

Charlotte. Where is the coast of Guinea, papa?

Mr.

Mr. Bill. Henry can tell you that; he knows where it lies.

Henry. Don't you remember there is a country called Africa? Very well; one part of the coast——

Charlotte. Coast! What is that?

Henry. The land that lies along by the sea-side. Hold, here's Fenning's Geography: look at this little map. All this part of Africa that turns down here is called the coast of Guinea.

Mr. Bill. And English ships sail to this coast in order to trade there. The person who spoke with Robinson was captain of one of those ships.

When he found that the young man had so eager a desire for travelling, and would have been sorry to return so soon to Plymouth, he proposed to him to take a trip to the coast of Guinea. Robinson at first was startled at the idea: but when the captain assured him that the voyage would be exceeding pleasant; that, so far from costing him any thing, it might turn out a very profitable

profitable adventure ; Robinson's eyes began to sparkle, and his passion for travelling revived in his breast with such force that he immediately forgot every advice which the honest Plymouth captain had given him, and all the good resolutions that he himself had taken but so short a time before.

“ But, ” said he, after considering a while within himself, “ I have only two guineas in the world ; what use can I make of so small a sum in trading at the place that you mention ? ”

“ I will lend you five more, ” said the captain ; “ that will be quite sufficient to purchase you goods, which, if we have but tolerable success, may make your fortune. ”

“ And what sort of goods must I purchase ? ” said Robinson.

“ All sorts of toys and playthings, ” answered the captain ; “ glass beads, knives, scissars, hatchets, ribbands, guns, &c. of which the negroes of Africa are so fond that they will give you a hundred times the value in gold, ivory, and other things. ”

Robinson was not able to contain himself for joy. He forgot, at once, his parents, friends, and country. "Captain," said he, "I am willing to go along with you when you please."

"Agreed!" replied the other, taking him by the hand, and thus the matter was settled.

Rich. Well, now it is all over; I shall never have the least pity any more for such a blockhead as Robinson, whatever misfortunes may happen to him.

Mr. Bill. No pity, Richard?

Rich. No, papa: why is he such a fool as to forget a second time his duty to his parents? Providence, no doubt, will punish him afresh for it.

Mr. Bill. And do you think that a man deserves no pity who is unfortunate enough to forget his parents, and to draw down upon himself the chastisement of Heaven? I grant he is himself the cause of every thing that happens to him; but is not he for that very reason so much the more unfortunate?

Oh!

Oh! my dear child, may Heaven preserve you and every one of us from that most terrible of all punishments, to feel that we alone have caused our own wretchedness! But whenever we hear of such an unfortunate person, we should consider that he is our brother, our poor deluded brother; we should shed over him tears of compassion, and offer up to Heaven the prayers of brotherly love in his behalf.

All were silent for a few moments; after which Mr. Billingsley continued in the following words:

Robinson made haste to lay out his seven guineas. He purchased with them such articles as the captain had mentioned to him, and had them carried on board.

After some days, the wind being favourable, the captain weighed anchor, and they set sail.

Henry. What course should they hold to arrive at Guinea.

Mr. Bill. Here, you have Fenning's Geography: I should think you cannot be at a loss to know, as you pointed out to your

sister the coast of Guinea just now. However, I will shew you their course. You see, from London here they go down the Thames, and come into the Downs. Afterwards they steer West, through the British Channel, and enter the great Atlantic Ocean, in which they continue their course here close by the Canary Islands, and so past the Cape Verd Islands, until at last they land hereabouts on the coast of Guinea.

Henry. But at what particular spot will they land?

Mr. Bill. Perhaps there, near Cape Coast castle.

Mrs. Bill. Well, now I think it is high time for us to set sail towards the land of supper. What think ye, Children?

Geo. I am not the least hungry, mamma.

Harriet. And I would rather hear the story too.

Mr. Bill. To-morrow, my dears, to-morrow evening we shall have the rest of Robinson's adventures. At present we will put him by and prepare for supper.

SECOND

SECOND EVENING.

THE next evening the whole company having taken their places as before, Mr. Billingsley continued his story in the following terms.

Robinson's second voyage began as favourably as the first. They had already cleared the Channel without any accident, and were now in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean; here they met with such contrary winds for several days successively, that they found themselves driven a considerable way towards the coast of America.

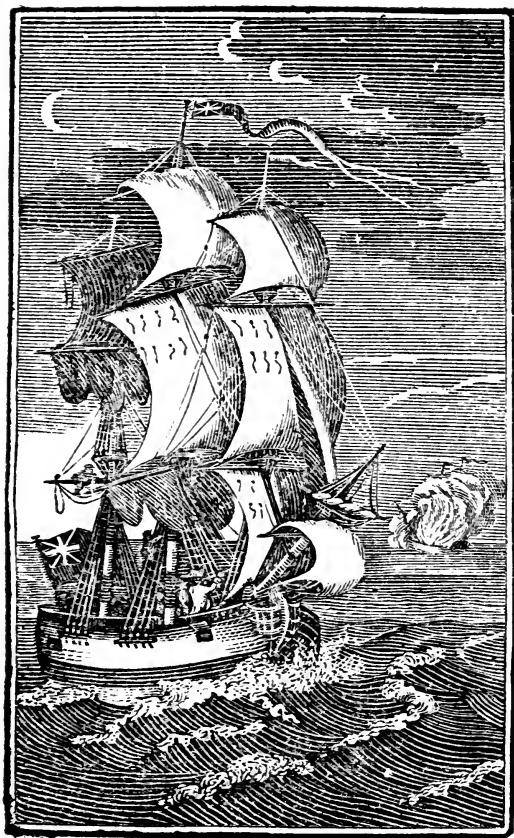
Here, my dear children, I have brought you a large map which will shew you much better than a small one the course which the ship should have held, and that which the wind obliged her to take. They wanted to steer down all along this way, so; but because they had a side wind from that quarter, they were driven in spite of themselves, towards this part, where you see

America lie. I will lay it down here on the table that we may all cast our eyes upon it whenever there is occasion.

One evening the steersman declared that he saw a fire at a great distance, and that he heard the firing of guns from the same quarter. All hands immediately hastened upon deck, where they both saw the fire and could distinctly hear the report of several guns. The captain examined his maps, and found there was no land on that quarter within the distance of a hundred leagues; and they all unanimously concluded that what they saw could be nothing else but a ship on fire.

It was immediately resolved to assist the vessel in distress, and they accordingly steered that way. In a very short time their conjectures were verified; for they beheld a large ship all in flames, and burning with the greatest fury.

The captain instantly ordered five guns to be fired as a signal to the poor people who were on board the burning ship, that
help





help was at hand. Scarcely was this order put in execution, before they saw, with terror and astonishment, the ship which had been on fire blow up with a dreadful explosion; and immediately after every thing sunk and the fire was seen no more. It is to be observed, that the flames had, at length, reached the powder room, and this was the cause of the ship's blowing up.

Nobody could tell as yet what was become of the poor people belonging to her. There was a possibility that they might have taken to their boats before the vessel blew up: for which reason the captain continued firing guns the whole night, in order to inform them on what quarter the ship was that desired to assist them. He also ordered all the lanterns to be hung out, that they might have a chance of seeing the ship in the night time.

At break of day they discovered, by means of their glasses, two boats full of people, tossing about at the mercy of the waves. They could perceive that the

wind was against them, but that they rowed with all their force towards the ship. Immediately the captain ordered the colours to be hoisted as a signal that he saw their distress, and was ready to relieve them. At the same time the ship made all the sail possible towards them, and in the space of half an hour happily came up with them.

There were sixty in the boats, men, women and children, who were all taken on board. It was an affecting scene to behold the actions of these poor people when they saw themselves so happily delivered. Some sobbed and wept for joy, others lamented as if their danger was but just begun ; some jumped about upon the deck as if they had lost their wits, others were wringing their hands, and as pale as death ; several of them were laughing like mad people, and danced and shouted for joy ; others, on the contrary, stood stock-still as if speechless and insensible, and could not utter a single word.

Sometimes one or two amongst them fell
on

on their knees, lifted up their hands to Heaven, and with a loud voice returned thanks to God, whose providence had so miraculously saved them from perishing.

Some of them again would start up, dance about like children, tear their cloaths, cry and fall down in fainting fits, from which they could with difficulty be recovered. There was none of the ship's crew, though ever so hardened, that could help shedding tears at the sight of these poor people's extravagant behaviour.

Among them happened to be a young priest, who acted with more firmness and dignity than any of the rest. As soon as he set his foot upon the deck, he fell upon his face, and seemed to have lost all sense and motion. The captain went to assist him, thinking that he had swooned away; but the clergyman calmly thanked him for his good-nature, and said, "Allow me first to return thanks to my Creator, for our deliverance; I will afterwards endeavour to shew you how lively a sense I entertain of

your extreme kindness to us." Upon this the captain politely withdrew.

The priest remained a few minutes in this posture of humble prostration; after which, rising cheerfully, he went to the captain to testify his gratitude to him for the civility that he had shewn to him and his people. This done, he turned to his companions in misfortune and said, "My dear friends, calm the agitation of your minds. The Being who is supremely good, hath vouchsafed to stretch out a father's hand over you. You should lift up your hearts to him, and thank him without delay for the unexpected preservation of your lives." There were several of them who acted in conformity to his exhortations, and immediately began to return thanks to Heaven with fervour and devotion.

After this the priest gave the captain an account who they were, and what had happened to them.

The ship that was burnt was a large French merchantman, bound for Quebec
—Here,

—Here, you see, this spot in America.—
The fire broke out in the sail room, and burned with such rapidity as baffled all their endeavours to stop it. They had barely time to fire some guns as signals of their distress, and then to take to their boats, uncertain of the destiny that awaited them. The most likely prospect before them in that moment of horror was, that, upon the least swell of the sea, the waves would swallow up them and their boats, or else that they must perish with hunger, as they had been able to save nothing from the ship on fire but a small quantity of biscuit and water, sufficient for a few days.

Charlotte. What occasion had they to carry water with them? They were on the water.

Mr. Bill. You forget, my dear Charlotte, that the water of the sea is salt and unfit for drinking.

Charlotte. So, so!

Mr. Bill. In this distressful situation they heard the guns that were fired by the Eng-

lish ship, and soon after observed the light of their lanterns. They passed all that long and dismal night between hope and fear, exerting all their strength to get to the ship, but continually driven back by the winds and waves. At length, however, the long-wished-for appearance of day put an end to their distress.

Robinson all this time had been filled with the most dreadful reflections. "Heavens!" said he to himself, "if these people, amongst whom there are certainly many good and devout persons, have suffered so great distress, what must not I expect, who have acted with so much ingratitude towards my poor parents!" This thought lay heavy at his heart. Pale and silent, like one whose conscience is not good, he sat in a corner, with his hands clasped together, and scarcely daring even to pray, because he feared lest God would have no regard to his prayers.

The people who were saved from the boats, and were almost exhausted with fatigue,

tigue, had now taken some refreshment, when their captain, holding a large purse full of money in his hand, came up to the ship's captain, and told him that whatever money they had been able to save from their ship was in that purse, which he begged him to accept as a slight mark of the gratitude which they all entertained towards him for the preservation of their lives.

"God forbid," answered the captain, "that I should accept your offers! I have done no more than humanity required of me, and I am convinced that you would have done the same thing if you had been in our place, and we in yours."

In vain did the Frenchman press him to accept the purse; the captain persisted in refusing it, and begged him to say no more about it.—It was now debated where they should land the people that had been saved. To carry them to Guinea did not appear advisable for two reasons. In the first place, why should those poor people be obliged to make so long a voyage to a country where

where they had not the least business in the world? And besides there were not provisions enough aboard for so many people to hold out until they should arrive at Guinea.

At length the captain generously resolved to go a hundred leagues out of his way for the sake of these poor people, and to carry them to Newfoundland, where they might have an opportunity of returning to France in some of the ships employed in the cod fishery.

Harriet. What is that?

Rich. Do not you remember what papa has told us about the cod fish; how they come down from the North seas to the very banks of Newfoundland, where people fish for them and catch them in such quantities?

Harriet. Oh, yes! now I recollect.

Rich. Look here on the map: this is Newfoundland up here, near to America, and those dotted spots are the banks where they fish for the cod.

Mr. Bill. To Newfoundland, therefore, they bent their course; and as it happened
to

to be the middle of the fishing season, they found several French vessels there, which took on board the people of the ship that had blown up. Their gratitude to the English captain was too great to be expressed in words.

As he had now, therefore, conducted them to ships of their own nation, he returned with a favourable wind, in order to continue his own voyage to the coast of Guinea. The ship cut the waves with the swiftness of a bird that wings its airy way through the skies, and in a short time they had sailed some hundred leagues. This was what Robinson Crusoe liked; things never could go too fast for him, as he was of a restless, unsettled disposition.

Their course now was mostly directed to the Southward. One day as they were steering in that direction, they perceived a large ship making up towards them. Presently after they heard them fire some guns of distress, and could discern that they had lost their foremast and their bowsprit.

Edw.

Edw. Bowsprit? What is that?

Mr. Bill. Why surely, you cannot have forgot what that is.

Edw. Ah! right! It is a little mast that does not stand straight up like the rest, but comes out sloping, so, from the forepart of the ship.

Mr. Bill. Very well. They steered their course towards the ship that was in distress, and when they were within hearing of each other, the people aboard of her cried out, "For Heaven's sake have compassion on us, and save our lives! We are at the last extremity, and must perish if you do not relieve us."

The captain, therefore, asked them in what consisted their distress; when one of their number answered thus:

"We are Englishmen, bound for the French Island of Martinico."—See, children; here it lies in the West Indies—"We took in a cargo of coffee there; and while we were lying at anchor, and just ready to depart, our captain and mate, with
most

most of the ship's crew, went ashore one day to get in a few things for the ship's use. In their absence, there arose so violent a storm that our cable was broke, and we were driven out from the harbour into the open sea. The hurricane"——

Geo. What is that papa?

Mr. Bill. It is a kind of wirlwind occasioned by many winds blowing from different quarters, one against the other.——

“The hurricane,” continued he, “blew furiously three days and three nights. We lost our masts, and were driven some hundreds of leagues out to sea. Unfortunately we are most of us passengers, with but one seaman and a boy or two on board to work the ship; so that for nine weeks we have been driven about at the mercy of the winds and waves: all our provisions are gone, and many of us are, at this moment, dying with hunger.”

Immediately the good captain ordered out his boat, took some provisions, and went
aboard

aboard the ship, accompanied by Robinson Crusoe.

They found the crew reduced to the most deplorable condition possible : they all looked as if they were starved, and many of them could hardly stand. But when they went into the cabin—Heavens! what a shocking spectacle they beheld ! A mother, with her son and a young maid servant, were stretched on the floor, and, to all appearance, starved to death. The mother, already quite stiff, was sitting on the ground between two chairs tied together, with her face leaning against one of the planks of the ship's side. The maid servant was stretched at her length beside her mistress, and had one of her arms clasped round the foot of the table. As to the young man, he was laid upon a bed, and had still in his mouth a piece of a leather glove, of which he had gnawed away the greatest part.

Harriet. Oh! papa, what a shocking account this is !

Mr.

Mr. Bill. Right—I had forgot that you did not wish to hear any thing melancholy. Well then, I will pass by this story.

All. Oh no! oh no! Dear papa, let us have the whole of it now.

Mr. Bill. As you please. I must tell you then, in the first place, who these poor people were that lay stretched in this deplorable manner.

They were coming passengers in this ship from America to England. The whole crew said that they were very worthy people. The mother was so remarkably fond of her son, that she refused all manner of nourishment purposely that her son might have something to eat, and this excellent young man had done the same thing, in order to reserve every thing for his mother. The faithful maid servant was more concerned for her master and mistress than for herself.

They were thought to be dead, all three, but, on examination, appeared to have some remains of life; for, after a few drops

drops of broth had been forced into their mouths, they began, by degrees, to open their eyes. But the mother was now too weak to swallow any thing; and she made signs that they should confine their attention to her son. In effect, she expired a few minutes after.

The other two were brought to themselves by the force of cordials, and as they were in the flower of their age, the captain, by his attentive care, succeeded in restoring them to life. But when the young man turned his eyes upon his mother, and saw that she was dead, the shock made him fall again into a swoon, from which it was very difficult to recover him. However, they were fortunate enough to bring him to his senses again, and he was, in a short time, perfectly re-established; as was also the servant maid.

The captain furnished the ship in distress with all the provisions that he could possibly spare; he ordered his carpenter to put up masts for them in the room of those
that

that had been broken, and gave the crew proper instructions for conveying themselves to the nearest land, which was that of the Madeira Islands. He bent his course thither also, on purpose to take in more provisions.

One of these islands, you know, is called Madeira, from which the rest take their name.

Henry. Yes, I know it; they belong to the Portuguese.

Rich. From them the fine Madeira wine comes; does it not?

Geo. And the sugar canes.

Mr. Bill. The same. At this island the captain cast anchor; and Robinson went ashore with him in the afternoon.

He could never sufficiently admire the beautiful prospect which this fertile isle affords. As far as his eyes could see, the mountains were all covered with vines. How his mouth watered at the sight of the delicious grapes that hung on them; and how did he regale himself when the captain

tain paid for him that he might have leave to eat his fill!

They understood, from those who were in the vineyards, that in making wine they did not press the grapes here in a wine press, as they do in other countries.

Geo. How then?

Mr. Bill. They tumble the grapes into a large tub, and then tread upon them with their feet, or bruise them with ther elbows.

Harriet. Oh fie! I shall not like to drink Madeira wine for the future.

Rich. Now I should not like to drink it if it were even made with the wine press.

Charlotte. Why?

Rich. Ah! you were not here when papa shewed us that wine is not good for young people. If you were to know all the harm that it can do them!

Charlotte. Is he in earnest, papa?

Mr. Bill. Yes, my dear; nothing can be more true. Children that drink wine or other strong liquors, often become weak and silly.

Charlotte.

Charlotte. Gracious! I'll never drink wine any more.

Mr. Bill. You will act very wisely, my dear.

As the captain was obliged to stop here some time to repair his ship, which had received a little damage, poor Robinson, at the end of a few days, began to grow tired of his situation. His restless temper wanted some change, and he wished to have wings, that he might fly all over the world in as short a time as possible.

Just at this interval arrived a Portuguese ship that came from Lisbon, and was bound for Brazil, in South America.

Henry (pointing to the map). Is it not this country here, belonging to the Portuguese, and where so much gold-dust and precious stones are found?

Mr. Bill. The very same.

Robinson got acquainted with the captain of this ship, and hearing him talk of gold-dust and precious stones, he would have given the world to make a voyage to
Brazil,

Brazil, where he thought he should fill his pockets with diamonds.

Edw. He did not know, I suppose, that in that country nobody dares to gather gold-dust or precious stones, which are the sole property of the king of Portugal.

Mr. Bill. And the reason that he did not know was, because when he was young he would never learn any thing.

Finding, therefore, that the Portuguese captain was disposed to take him along with him as one of his crew, and that the English ship would be obliged to stop at least a fortnight longer, he could not resist his desire of rambling. He, therefore, told his good friend, the English captain, bluntly that he was going to leave him, and to take a voyage to Brazil. The captain, who had learned from Robinson himself, a short time before, that he was rambling thus about the world without the knowledge or consent of his parents, was glad to get rid of him. He agreed to take Robinson's venture, which consisted of toys and hardware, for
the

the money that he had lent him in England, and gave him besides all manner of good advice.

Robinson, therefore, went aboard the Portuguese ; and now behold him sailing for Brazil. They passed pretty near the island of Teneriff.

Harriet. Where that high mountain is to be seen, called the Peak of Teneriff ; eh, papa ?

Rich. Aye, aye, don't interrupt.

Mr Bill. It was an admirable prospect, even long after sun-set in the evening, when all the sea was covered with gloomy darkness, to see the top of that mountain, one of the highest in the whole world, shine with the rays of the sun as if it had been all on fire.

Some days after they saw another sight upon the sea, which was very agreeable. A large number of flying fishes rose upon the surface of the water. They glistened like polished silver, so that they threw forth a strong light from their bodies, as it were in rays.

Charlotte. What, are there fishes that fly?

Mr. Bill. Yes, Charlotte; and I think, on a certain day, you and I saw one.

Geo. Ah, yes; that was when we were in town last Whitsuntide: but for all that, papa, it had neither feathers nor wings.

Mr. Bill. But it had a couple of long fins, which serve it as wings when it rises above the surface of the water.

For several days successively the voyage was as fine as possible; but all of a sudden a violent hurricane arose from the Southeast. The waves frothed and rose mountain high, tossing the vessel to and fro. This dreadful storm continued for six days successively, and carried the ship so far out of her way, that neither the captain nor any person on board knew where they were. However, by their reckoning, they supposed that they could not be far from the Caribbee Islands. They lie hereabouts.

The seventh morning, exactly at day-break, one of the sailors threw the whole crew

crew into a fit of extravagant joy, by crying out from the mast head, Land!

Mrs. Bill. This call comes very seasonably, for supper is almost ready in the next room. To-morrow we shall hear the rest.

Geo. O dear mamma, only let us hear how they landed, and what happened to them afterwards. I should be contented with a bit of dry bread, if papa would but go on.

Mr. Bill. Well, my dear, as your mamma only says that supper is *almost* ready, perhaps there may be a few minutes to spare. If she will indulge you until supper is quite ready, I am content.

Mrs. Bill. I have no objection: so that you may go on until I call you, which shall be when every thing is perfectly ready.

All the children. Oh! that will do. That is charming!

Mr. Bill. To proceed, therefore, with my story:

The whole crew hastened upon deck to

see what land this was; but in the very moment their joy was changed into terror and consternation; the ship struck, and all those who were upon the deck received so violent a shock as almost to throw them backwards.

Rich. What was the matter?

Mr. Bill. The ship had run upon a sand-bank, and stuck fast as suddenly as if it had been nailed to the spot. Then the foaming waves dashed over the deck with such violence, that they were all obliged to take refuge in the cabin and between decks, for fear of being carried overboard.

Nothing was now to be heard amongst the crew but lamentable cries, groans, and sighs, that would have softened a heart of stone. Some were praying, others wept aloud; some tore their hair like people in despair, others were half dead, and stupidly insensible. Amongst this last class was Robinson Crusoe, who was literally more dead than alive.

Suddenly some one cried out that the
ship

ship had split. These dreadful tidings brought them all to new life. They ran hastily upon deck, lowered the boat as fast as possible, and all jumped into it with the most precipitate haste.

But there were now so many people in the boat, that its sides were scarcely four inches above the water. The land was still far off, and the storm so violent, that every one thought it impossible to reach the shore. Nevertheless, they exerted their whole strength in rowing, and fortunately the wind drove them towards land. All at once they beheld a wave, mountain high, rolling towards the boat.

At this dreadful sight the whole crew sat motionless, and dropped their oars. The huge wave strikes the boat, oversets it, and all are at once swallowed up in the enraged deep !

Here Mr. Billingsley made a stop ; the whole company remained silent, and many of them could not help sighing with compassion for the fate of the poor seamen. At length Mrs. Billingsley arriving with the

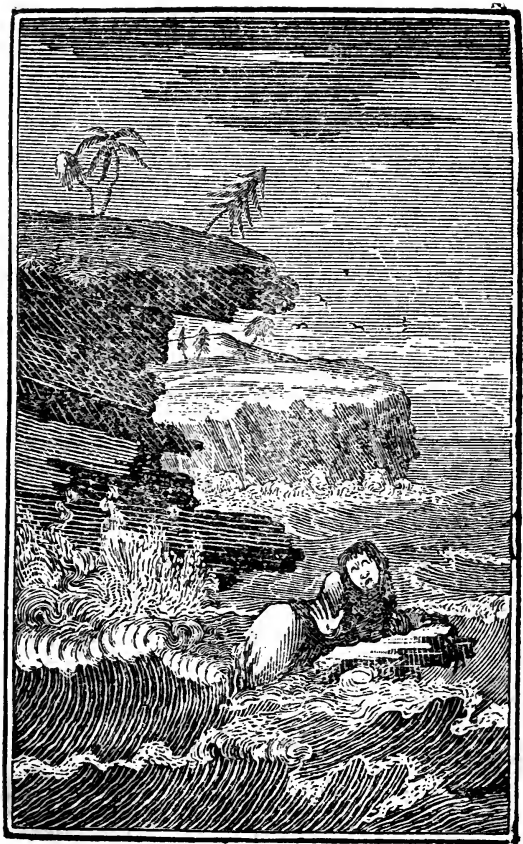
news that supper was ready, put an end to these melancholy ideas.

THIRD EVENING.

GEORGE. Dear papa, is poor Robinson Crusoe lost for good? Is he dead?

Mr. Bill. We left him last night in the most imminent danger of losing his life, the boat being upset.

Robinson was swallowed up in the sea along with the rest of the ship's company; but the same wave, that dreadful wave, which had buried him in the deep, at its return drew him along with it, and dashed him towards the shore. He was thrown with such violence upon a piece of a rock that the pain occasioned by the jolt roused him from the state of almost insensibility that he was in before. He opened his eyes,
and





and seeing himself, contrary to all expectation, upon dry ground, he exerted the last efforts of his strength to gain the top of the beach.

He reached it at length, but the moment that he arrived at this spot of safety he fainted away with fatigue, and remained a long time without sense or motion.

When he recovered, he opened his eyes and looked round. Heavens, what a prospect! the ship, the boat, his companions, all lost! There was nothing to be seen but a few broken planks, which the waves drove towards the shore. He alone was saved out of the whole ship's company.

Trembling at once with fear and joy, he fell upon his knees, lifted up his hands towards Heaven, and while he shed a flood of tears, returned thanks aloud to the Maker of heaven and earth for his miraculous preservation.

Rich. But, papa, why did God Almighty
D 4 save

save Robinson Crusoe alone, and suffer the rest to perish?

Mr. Bill. My dear Richard, are you always able to discover the reasons why we who are so much older than you, and who love you tenderly, act towards you in this manner or that?

Rich. No.

Mr. Bill. Lately, for instance, when the day was so fine, and we had all so great a fancy to go on a nutting party, what did I do?

Rich. I have not forgot it. Poor Edward was obliged to stay at home and keep house, and the rest of us were forced to go to Richmond, and not on the nutting party.

Mr. Bill. But why was I so cruel to poor Edward, not to let him go with us?

Edw. Ah, I know the reason of that. James came presently after, and took me to Lady Castleton's. Frederick, my old play-fellow, was just come home from school, and begged his mamma to send for me.

Mr.

Mr. Bill. And was not that better than to go a nutting?

Edw. Oh yes, a hundred times.

Mr. Bill. I had sent word before to Lady Castleton, that you should go and see her son, as she requested; and therefore it was that I ordered you to stay at home. And, Richard, what did you meet at Richmond?

Rich. I met you there, papa, and my mamma. You were there before me.

Mr. Bill. That too I knew; and, therefore, I made you for that time go to Richmond, and not on the nutting party. My intention in all this never once entered your heads, for you did not know my reasons. But why did not I tell you these reasons?

Rich. That you might afford us an unexpected pleasure.

Mr. Bill. Just so. Well, my dear children, do you not think that our heavenly Father loves his children, that is to say, all mankind, as much as we love you?

Geo. Certainly, and more.

Mr. Bill. And have you not learnt long

ago, that God knows all things better than we poor mortals do, whose knowledge is so contracted, and who can so seldom tell what is really for our own advantage.

Rich. Yes; I believe it. God has a knowledge that is without bounds, and, therefore, knows every thing that will come to pass; a knowledge that we have no idea of.

Mr. Bill. Since, therefore, God loves all mankind as his children, and is at the same time so wise that he alone knows what is really useful for us, it is impossible but he should do what is best for our interest.

Geo. Without doubt, and so he does continually.

Mr. Bill. But are we always able to discover the reasons why God doth any action that affects us in one particular manner rather than in another?

Rich. To discover them, we should have as much knowledge and wisdom as God himself.

Mr. Bill. Well, my dear Richard, do
you

you wish now to repeat the question that you asked me just now?

Rich. What question?

Mr. Bill. Why the Supreme Disposer of things saved only Robinson Crusoe, and suffered the rest to perish?

Rich. No.

Mr. Bill. Why not?

Rich. Because I see now that it was an unreasonable question.

Mr. Bill. Unreasonable? How?

Rich. Because our Maker knows very well why he does any action, and we are not capable of knowing it.

Mr. Bill. The Ruler of the Universe had therefore reasons which were wise, excellent, and worthy of himself, for suffering the whole crew to perish, and saving only the life of Robinson Crusoe. But these reasons are inscrutable to us. We may, indeed, carry our conjectures to a certain length, but we ought never to flatter ourselves that we have hit upon the truth.

For instance, infinite wisdom might fore-

see that a longer life would be more hurtful than advantageous to those whom he suffered to perish: they might fall into great distresses, or even become wicked; for that reason, perhaps, he removed them from this world, and conducted their immortal souls to a place where they are happier than here. As for Robinson Crusoe, probably his life was preserved to the end that affliction might be a school of wisdom to him; for God, being a kind father, all wise and all just, sends adversity to turn the hearts of men, when they are blindly insensible to his goodness and support.

Keep this in remembrance, my dear child, through the course of your life. You may meet with accidents and reverses in which you cannot perceive the design of Providence. Then, instead of rashly endeavouring to reason or explain the seeming inconsistency, say to yourself, "God knows better than I what is for my good; I will, therefore, suffer with cheerfulness this misfortune which he sends me as a trial. I am

con-

convinced that his dispensations of good and evil are ever intended to render us better than we are; I, for my part, will therefore labour to become so, and certainly God will bless and reward my endeavours."

Henry. Did Robinson think so upon that occasion?

Mr. Bill. Yes, then when he had been in so great danger of perishing, and saw himself cut off from all the world, then he felt sincerely how unjust and blamable his conduct had been; then he prayed to Heaven, on his knees, for pardon; and then he took the stedfast resolution of amending his life, and of never doing any action contrary to the warning of his conscience.

Edw. But what did he do after that?

Mr. Bill. When the joy that he felt on his happy deliverance had a little subsided, he began to reflect on his situation. He looked about him, but could see nothing except trees and thickets; he could not perceive, on any side, the least mark that the country was inhabited.

This

This was a dreadful necessity imposed upon him; to live all alone in a strange country! But his anxiety was still more dreadfully increased when this reflection occurred to him, What, if there should be wild beasts or savages here, so that I should not be able to live a moment in safety!

Charlotte. What are savages, papa?

Rich. Savages are wild men. Have you never heard talk of them, Charlotte? In countries, a great, great way off from this, there are men nearly as wild as beasts.

Geo. That go almost naked—What do you think of that?

Henry. Aye, and know scarce any thing in the world. They cannot build themselves houses, nor make gardens, nor sow and plant, as we do.

Harriet. And they eat raw meat and raw fish. I heard my papa tell of them—Did not you, papa?

Rich. And would you think it? These poor creatures are entirely ignorant of their
Maker,

Maker, because they never had any person to instruct them.

Henry. It is for that reason too that they are so barbarous. You would hardly believe that some of them eat human flesh.

Charlotte. Oh! what wicked men!

Mr. Bill. What poor unhappy men! you should say. Alas! these poor people are sufficiently to be pitied, that they have been brought up in this ignorance, and live like brutes.

Charlotte. Do they ever come here?

Mr. Bill. No: the countries where these unfortunate people live are so far off, that they never come here. Their number also grows less every day, because other civilized men, who come amongst them, endeavour to instruct and civilize them.

Henry. Were there, then, any of those savages in the country where Robinson Crusoe was thrown by the storm?

Mr. Bill. That he could not tell himself as yet. But having formerly heard that there were savages in the islands in this
part

part of the world, he thought it very possible that there might be some on the particular spot where he now was; and this thought raised such an apprehension of danger in his mind, that every bone of his body shook for fear.

Geo. I do not doubt it. It would be no very pleasant matter to meet with savages.

Mr. Bill. Fear, at first, rendered him motionless; he did not dare to stir; the least noise terrified him; his heart was frozen: but a burning thirst forced him at length from this fearful state of inaction, and sent him up and down in search of some brook or spring to quench his thirst. Luckily he found a brook of pure and clear water where he might refresh himself to his utmost wish. Oh! what a delicious treasure for a man who was parched up with thirst!

Robinson returned thanks to God for it, hoping, at the same time, that he would also vouchsafe him food. “He who feeds the fowls of the air,” said he, “will not suffer me to perish with hunger.”

Indeed,

Indeed, hunger was not very pressing on him at this time; fear and anxiety had taken away his appetite. He longed for rest more than any thing else. His pain and vexation of mind had so overpowered him that he could scarce stand upon his legs.

However, the question was, Where must he pass the night? On the ground, under the open air? There he would be exposed to savages or wild beasts that would devour him. House, or cabin, or cave, he saw no signs of. He knew not what to do; his distress brought tears into his eyes; he cried heartily. At length he resolved to imitate the birds, and like them to seek a retreat in some tree. Presently he discovered one, the boughs of which were so thick and so closely interwoven, that he could sit amongst them; and even lay himself at his length very conveniently. He climbed up this tree, offered up an earnest prayer to his Maker, then settled himself, and fell asleep in a moment.

While he slept, his heated imagination represented

represented to him afresh the transactions of the preceding day. Disturbed with tumultuous dreams, he fancied he still saw the waves swelling round him, and the ship sinking. The cries of the seamen still sounded in his ears. After this, he imagined himself transported into the presence of his parents: they appeared overwhelmed with sorrow and distress for the loss of their beloved son: they sighed, wept, lifted up their hands to Heaven, and were utterly destitute of comfort. A cold sweat broke out all over his body: he cried aloud, "I am not lost, my dear parents; I am restored to you once more:" and with these words, making a motion in his sleep as if to embrace his parents, he lost his seat amongst the branches, and fell down out of the tree.

Harriet. Oh poor Robinson!

Geo. I suppose he is killed now.

Mr. Bill. Fortunately for him, he had not fixed himself far up in the tree; and the grass was so high upon the ground that his fall was not very severe. In effect, the
slight

slight pain which it occasioned him he hardly felt, in comparison to the anguish that he had suffered in the conflicts of his dream, and which still agitated his whole body. He, therefore, climbed up once more into the tree, and lay there quietly until sun-rise.

He then began earnestly to consider how he should procure himself food. He had no sort of victuals such as we use in this part of the world, neither bread, nor meat, nor vegetables, nor milk; and, had he even been master of a joint of meat, he had neither fire, nor spit to roast it on, nor pot to boil it in. All the trees that he had seen hitherto were logwood-trees, which never bear any fruit.

Rich. What sort of trees are they, papa?

Mr. Bill. These are trees the wood of which is of considerable use in dying. They grow in some countries of South America, and much of the logwood is brought to Europe. When it is boiled, the water
turns

turns of a reddish black colour, and dyers make use of it to give a shade to other colours.

But to return to Robinson Crusoe.

Still uncertain what he should do, he came down from the tree. As he had eaten nothing the day before, hunger began to be exceedingly troublesome to him. He rambled about for several miles, but found nothing, except grass, and trees that bore no fruit.

It was impossible now to add to his distress; "Must I, then, perish with hunger at last?" cried he, sobbing and looking up towards Heaven. However, necessity re-animated him with fresh strength to go and search carefully along the shore for something eatable.

But in vain: nothing but logwood-trees and Indian willow; nothing but grass and sand. At length, fatigued, weakened, and exhausted, he threw himself down with his face to the ground, burst into tears, and wished that he had perished in the waves of
the

the sea rather than be preserved only to die a miserable death by hunger.

He thought of nothing, therefore, now but of waiting in this forlorn situation for the slow and dreadful approach of death; when, turning by chance, he saw a cormorant devouring a fish that he had taken. Immediately he recollected that he had somewhere read the following words:

The Lord, who feeds with bounteous hand
The feather'd tenants of the air,
Will surely over MAN expand
The wings of his paternal care.

He then reproached himself with having put so little trust in Divine Providence; and, rising hastily, he determined to walk as far as ever his strength would permit him. He shaped his course, therefore, along the shore, and looked narrowly about to discover, if possible, something that might serve him for food.

At length he perceived a number of oyster shells lying on the shore. He ran eagerly
towards

towards the spot where they were, and carefully examined all round it, hoping to find oysters thereabouts. He did find some, and his joy was inexpressible.

Rich. Are there oysters on land then?

Mr. Bill. Why no, not properly. On the contrary, they belong to the sea and live in it. There they fasten themselves to rocks, one upon another, in immense quantities. Such a heap of them is called a bed of oysters. Now the waves, in dashing against this, loosen several of the oysters, and the tide carries them towards the shore. Afterwards, when the tide ebbs, and it is low water, these oysters are left on the beach, where it is then dry.

Charlotte. You say when the tide ebbs, papa, what is that?

Harriet. What, don't you know that? It is when the water that was so high before, runs back and grows quite shallow.

Charlotte. What water.

Harriet. Why the sea water, or a river like our Thames where the tide comes up.

Mr.

Mr. Mered. Charlotte, make your brother Richard explain that to you. He will be able to give you a clear idea of it.

Rich. Who, I? Well, I will do my best. Have you never observed that the water of the Thames rises sometimes pretty high at the bottom of our garden; and then, after a while, falls back and leaves the ground dry; so that one can walk where it was but a little time before covered with water?

Charlotte. Oh! yes, now I remember to have seen it.

Rich. Well, when the water rises in that manner, it is called the tide, or the flowing of the tide: and when it falls back and leaves the ground dry, it is called the ebb. Thus we say the tide ebbs and flows.

Mr. Bill. Besides this, you must know, my dear Charlotte, that, in the course of four and twenty hours, the water of the sea rises thus twice, and falls twice. It continues to rise for a little more than six hours, and then to sink for a little more than six hours.

hours. The hours during which it rises, are called the time of the flow, and the hours during which it falls, are called the time of the ebb. Do you understand it now?

Charlotte. Yes; but why does the sea always rise so?

Geo. I think I have heard the reason. It is said, the moon attracts the waters in such a manner, that they are obliged to rise.

Edw. Oh! we have often heard that. Let papa go on.

Mr. Bill. Another time, Charlotte, I will tell you more upon this subject.

Robinson was almost out of his wits for joy at having found something to appease his raging hunger. The oysters that he found did not, it is true, serve to fill his belly; but he was satisfied with having found something which barely made him forget his hunger as it were.

His greatest uneasiness was next to know where he should dwell for the future, to be free from all dread of savages and wild beasts. His first bed had been so inconvenient, that
he

he could not think of his condition without shuddering, if he should be obliged to pass all his nights in the same manner.

Geo. Oh! I know very well what I would have done.

Mr. Bill. Well, what would you have done? Inform us.

Geo. In the first place, I would have built a house with walls as thick *as that* and with iron gates—so strong!—And then I would have made a ditch all round with a drawbridge, and this drawbridge I would have lifted up every night, and then the savages must be pretty cunning if they could have done me any harm while I was asleep.

Mr. Bill. Here is fine talking! It is a pity that you had not been there. You would have been able to give poor Robinson excellent advice.—But—answer me one thing—Have you ever carefully observed how carpenters and masons go about building a house

Geo. Oh! yes, many a time. The mason begins with preparing the lime and

mixing sand with it. Then he lays one stone upon another, and with his trowel puts mortar between them to keep them firmly together. Next the carpenters, with their hatchets, cut out the rafters and place them carefully. Then, by means of a pulley, they raise the beams to the height of the wall and join them. Afterwards they saw the boards for the floors, and make laths, which they nail to the rafters in order to place the tiles. And then—

Mr. Bill. I see you have taken particular notice how they go about building a house. But then a mason makes use of lime, and a trowel, and bricks ; or else stones, which must first be cut into form ; and carpenters have occasion for hatchets and saws, and chisels, and nails, and hammers. Where would you have found all these, if you had been in Robinson's place !

Geo. Why—really I dont know.

Mr. Bill. Neither did Robinson, and for that reason he was obliged to give up the scheme of building a real house. He had
not

not a single tool in the world : nothing but his two hands, and with these alone people do not build such houses as we live in.

Edw. Why, then, he had only to make himself a little hut with the branches that he could have plucked from the trees.

Mr. Bill. And could a little hut, made of branches, have defended him from serpents, wolves, tigers, panthers, lions, and other fierce beasts of prey ?

Rich. Ah ! poor Robinson, how will you manage in this distressful situation ?

Edw. Could he shoot ?

Mr. Bill. Yes, if he had only a gun, with powder and ball ; but once more I tell you, the poor lad had nothing—absolutely nothing but his two hands to depend on.

When he viewed his situation, and saw that all resources failed him, he fell again into his former despondency. “To what purpose,” said he within himself, “have I hitherto escaped perishing with hunger, since, perhaps, this very night wild beasts will tear me to pieces ?”

He even fancied (such is the force of the imagination) that a furious tiger was before him, with its dreadful jaws open and ready to devour him. Thinking that the tiger had him already by the throat, he cried out, "Oh my poor father and mother!" and fell to the ground half dead.

After having lain there some time in an agony of grief and despair, he recollected a hymn which he had heard his excellent mother sometimes sing, when she had any pressure of affliction on her mind. It began thus :

He who beneath Heaven's guardian wing
Hath wisely fixed his place,
May to his soul thus freely sing,
When sorrows come apace :

In God's eternal Providence
My hope redemption sees :
Blest with so powerful a defence,
My soul, be thou at ease.

The reflections contained in these words strengthened him considerably. Two or three times he repeated these beautiful lines
to

to himself with much devotion: after which he exerted his strength to rise, and went upon another search, endeavouring to find some cave that might serve him as a safe retreat.

But in what part of the world was he? In South America, or elsewhere? Was he upon an island or a continent? This was more than he could tell as yet himself; but he saw a pretty high hill at a distance, and he walked towards it.

As he went along, he made this sorrowful discovery, that the whole country produced nothing but grass and trees which bore no fruit. It is easy to imagine what gloomy ideas a sight like this inspired him with.

He climbed up, with some difficulty, to the top of the hill, which was pretty high, and from which he could see all round him to the distance of several leagues. To his great mortification, he perceived that he was really in an island, within sight of which there appeared no other land, except two or three small islands that rose out of the sea at the distance of a few leagues.

“Poor, unhappy wretch that I am!” cried he, lifting slowly his trembling hands towards Heaven: “I am, then, separated, cut off from all men, and have no hopes of being ever delivered from this savage place. Oh! my poor afflicted parents, I shall, then, never see you more! I shall never be able to ask you forgiveness for my folly! Never shall I hear the sweet voice of a friend, of a man!—But I deserve my fate,” continued he. “Oh Lord, thou art just in all thy ways! I should but deceive myself were I to complain. It is I myself that have made my lot so miserable.”

In this mournful silence he continued on the spot, with his eyes fixed, as it were, to the ground. “Cut off from God and man!” was the only reflection that possessed his mind. At length, however, thoughts more rational and consoling came to his relief. He threw himself upon his knees, lifted up his heart to Heaven, promised to be patient and resigned to his distresses, and prayed for strength to support them.

Harriet,

Harriet. It was a good thing, however, that Robinson could say his prayers in the time of distress.

Mr. Bill. Certainly it was happy for him. What would have become of him, then, if he had not known that God is the Father of all mankind; that he is supremely good, almighty, and omnipresent? He would have sunk under his terror and despair if he had not formerly been taught these great and comfortable truths. But the idea of his heavenly Father's goodness gave him constantly fresh courage and consolation, whenever his distresses were upon the point of overpowering his resolution.

He now found himself much strengthened, and began to travel round the hill. All his search was, for a long time, useless: he could find no place where he might be in safety. At length, he came to a little hill, which, in front, was as steep as a wall. In examining this spot attentively, he found a place that seemed to be hollowed in under the hill, with a pretty narrow entrance to it.

If he had had a pickaxe, a crow, and other tools, it would have been an easy matter to hollow out a complete dwelling under the rock, which was partly done by nature; but he had none of these tools. The question was, then, how he should supply the want of them.

After puzzling his head a long time, he began to reflect in this manner: "Some of the trees that I see here are like the willows of my country, which are easily transplanted. I will pluck up a number of these young trees, and here, before this hole, I will plant them close together, so that they may form a sort of wall. When they grow up pretty high, I shall be able to sleep within this enclosure as safely as if I was in a house; for behind, the steep wall of this rock will secure me, and in front, as well as on both sides, the close row of trees will keep off all danger."

This happy thought pleased him very much, and he immediately set about putting it in execution. His joy was still greater when

when he saw, not far from that spot, a beautiful and clear spring bubbling out from the side of the hill. He hastened to quench his thirst at it, being extremely dry, as he had run about a good deal during the hottest time of the day.

Geo. Was it so very warm, then, in the island?

Mr. Bill. Yes, you may easily imagine that it was warm. Look here (*pointing to the map,*) this is the coast of South America, near which, propably, was situated the island on which Robinson was cast away. Now, you see, this part is not far from the equinoctical line, where the sun is sometimes directly over people's heads. It is, therefore, natural to suppose that all that quarter must be extremely hot.

Robinson now set about plucking up out of the ground, with his hands, some of the young trees that I mentioned before, which he effected with a great deal of trouble, and carried them to the place that he had destined for his dwelling. Here again he was

obliged to scratch a hole in the ground for each of his trees, and as this work went on but very slowly, the day closed by the time that he had fixed five or six of them.

After he had finished his work, hunger obliged him to walk down towards the shore in order to search for oysters ; but, unfortunately, the tide was up, so that he found none, and was forced for this time to go to bed supperless. But where was his bed?—He determined, until he could finish for himself a complete and secure habitation, to lie every night in the tree in which he had lain the last night.

But, that he might not be exposed to the same accident as had then disturbed him, he took his garters, tied them round his body, and fastened himself tightly to the branches on which he lay ; and then, recommending himself to his Creator, he fell asleep.

Rich. That was wisely done of him to tie himself so.

Mr. Bill. Why, necessity is the mother of invention. She teaches us many things which

which we should not know but for her. It is to this intent that our Creator hath formed us, and this earth that we inhabit, in such a manner that we have different wants, which we cannot satisfy unless by the manifold efforts of invention. If ever we are masters of good sense and an active understanding, it is to these wants that we are indebted for them: for if larks fell down out of the air into our mouths ready roasted; if houses, beds, cloaths, victuals, and every thing else necessary for the preservation and comfort of our lives, grew up of their own accord out of the ground or on the tops of trees, quite ready and prepared to our hand, certainly we should do nothing else but eat, drink, and sleep, and be as stupid as brutes as long as we lived.

FOURTH EVENING.

MR. Bill. Well, my dears, where did we leave Robinson Crusoe last night?

Rich. We left him like a bird perched in a tree to take his night's rest.

Mr. Bill. Very well, to proceed, then, with his story: Every thing went on that night as well as possible; he had no fall, and slept soundly till morning.

At break of day, the first thing that he did was to set off towards the shore to look for oysters, intending afterwards to return to his work. He happened this time to go another way, and, as he walked along, was overjoyed to find a tree that bore large fruit. It is true, he did not as yet know what they might be; but he hoped to find them good for eating, and therefore, to make a trial, he knocked down one.

It was a large nut, something of a triangular form, and as big as a young child's head. The outward rind was composed of
filaments,





filaments, or stringy folds, as if made of hemp. The second husk or shell was, on the contrary, almost as hard as the shell of a tortoise, and Robinson soon perceived that it would serve him for a cup. This shell is so large that it sometimes affords a place of retirement to the little long-tailed American monkey. The fruit within was a sort of juicy kernal, which tasted like a sweet almond, and in the middle of this kernal, which was hollow, he found a most delicious and finely flavoured milk. This was a most agreeable treat for poor Robinson, who was half starved.

His empty stomach was not satisfied with one nut, he knocked down a second, which he ate with equal greediness. His joy at having discovered this excellent fruit brought tears into his eyes, and he looked up to Heaven with sensations of the warmest gratitude.

The tree was tolerably large, and quite hung with fruit; but alas! it was the only one in the whole island.

Geo.

Geo. What sort of a tree might it be, then? We have none such here.

Mr Bill. It was a cocoa nut tree. They grow chiefly *there*, in the East Indies; and *here*, in the South Sea islands. There are some of them found in the West Indies; indeed, they are pretty common there.

Though Robinson's hunger was now satisfied, yet he did not omit going down to the shore, to see what shew the oysters made that day. He found a few, indeed, but far too few to afford him a hearty meal. He had, therefore, great reason to thank God for having this day furnished him with another sort of food; and he did so with a heart full of gratitude.

He carried home for his dinner the oysters that he had found, and went cheerfully about his yesterday's work again.

He had picked up on the beach a large shell, which served him instead of a spade, and advanced his work considerably. A little after he discovered a plant, the stalk of
which

which was full of threads, like flax or hemp. At another time he would not have paid any attention to such matters, but, at present, nothing was indifferent to him. He examined every thing, and reflected on every thing, in order, if possible, to apply every thing to advantage.

Having some hopes that this plant might be used in the same manner as flax or hemp, he plucked a quantity of it, tied it up in small bundles, and left them to soak in water. Having observed, at the end of a few days, that the thick outside skin was sufficiently softened by the water, he drew out the bundles, and spread them thinly on the grass before the sun, the stalks being now quite soft. As soon as ever they were properly dried, he made a trial with a large stick to pound them and break them like flax, and he succeeded.

Immediately he endeavoured to turn the stringy part of these plants to use by making small cords of it. It is true they were not so well twisted as those made by our
rope-

rope-makers here, for he had neither wheel nor a second person to assist him. However, they were strong enough to fasten his great shell to the end of a stick, by which means he was now master of an instrument not much unlike a gardener's spade.

He then went on with his work very diligently, and planted tree close by tree until he had completely palisaded the space that was before his intended dwelling. But, as one single row of a tree so very pliable did not seem a sufficient wall of defence, he spared no labour, but planted a second row round the first. He then interwove the branches of the two rows together, and, at last, hit upon the idea of filling up with earth the distance that was between them. This completed his wall so solid that it would have required a considerable force to push it in.

Every morning and evening he watered his little plantation with water from the neighbouring spring, which he took up in his cocoa shell; and he had very soon the
satisfaction

satisfaction of seeing his young trees sprout up and flourish so as to afford a charming view to the eye.

When he had almost entirely finished his hedge, he spent a whole day in making a number of thick cords, out of which he formed, as well as he could, a ladder of ropes.

Henry. What was that for?

Mr. Bill. I'll tell you. His design was to make no door to his habitation, but to plant more trees, and so stop up even the opening that remained.

Henry. How, then, was he to go in and out?

Mr. Bill. By the assistance of his ladder of ropes.

It is to be observed, that the rock which hung over his habitation was about as high as the second story of a house, and on the top of the rock was a tree. To this he fastened his ladder of ropes, and let it hang down to the ground. He then tried to climb up by it, and succeeded to admiration.

All

All this being finished, he considered by what means he might make the little hollow under the rock large enough to serve him for a habitation. He saw very well, that with his hands alone he should never be able to manage it. What was to be done, then? He must find out some tool or instrument for the purpose.

With this design he repaired to a spot where he had seen a great number of hard green stones scattered on the ground. Having searched among them carefully, he at last found one, the very sight of which made him jump for joy; for, in effect, this stone had the very form of a hatchet, and even a hole to fit the handle in. Robinson saw, at first view, that it would make an excellent hatchet, if he could but enlarge the hole ever so little. After a world of pains, he at length happily accomplished this by means of another stone; then he fixed a pretty thick stick in it, by way of handle, and with some of the cord which he had made himself, he fastened it as firm, as if it had been nailed in.

He now tried to fell a small tree, and the attempt proving no less successful, filled him with inexpressible joy. Had any one offered him one hundred pounds for his hatchet, he would not have parted with it, such vast advantages did he promise himself from the use of it.

Searching still amongst those green stones, he found two more equally fit for use. The one had nearly the form of a mallet, such as is used by carpenters and stonecutters; the other was shaped like a stout short bludgeon, having an edge or corner at the end. Robinson carried them both to his habitation, intending to go to work with them immediately.

He succeeded to his wish. Laying the edge of the one stone upon the earth and rock, and striking it with the other resembling a mallet, he knocked off several pieces of the rock, and, in a few days, was so far advanced in clearing out the hollow, that it seemed large enough for him to lie in at his ease.

He

He had before this plucked up with his hands a quantity of grass, which he had spread before the sun to make hay of it. This being now sufficiently dried, he carried it to his cave to make himself a good bed.

From this time he was able to sleep like a human creature, without being obliged, as he had for many nights before, to perch like a bird up in a tree. What a luxury it was to him to stretch his weary limbs upon a soft bed of hay ! He thanked God, and said within himself, “ Oh ! if my countrymen knew what it is to pass, as I have done, several nights successively, seated upon a hard branch of a tree, how happy would they count themselves to be able to enjoy the refreshment of sleep in convenient beds, secure from accidents by falling or otherwise ! Certainly they would not let slip a day without sincerely thanking Providence for all the conveniences and delights which they enjoy.”

The following day was Sunday. Robinson

binson dedicated it to rest, to prayer, and meditation. He spent whole hours on his knees, with his eyes turned towards heaven, praying to God to pardon his sins, and to bless and comfort his poor parents. Then, with tears of joy, he thanked his Maker for the providential assistance that he had experienced in a situation in which he was cut off from the whole world; he promised to grow better every day, and to persevere in his filial obedience.

Harriet. Well, I think master Robinson is grown much better than he was.

Mr. Bill. Providence foresaw that he would grow better under affliction, and, therefore, suffered him to undergo the trial of it; for thus our heavenly Father acts towards us all. It is not in his anger, but in his tender mercy, that he sends us misfortunes: he knows that they are necessary to us, in order to render us humbler and better. Far from being hurtful to us, they become salutary remedies in his beneficent hands.

That

That he might not forget the order of days, but know regularly on what day Sunday would fall, Robinson thought of making himself an almanack.

Rich. An almanack?

Mr. Bill. Yes; not a printed one, it is true, nor quite so exact as those that we have in Europe, but still an almanack by which he was able to count the days regularly.

Rich. And how did he manage that?

Mr. Bill. Having neither paper nor any thing else requisite for writing, he chose four trees that were close beside each other, and pretty smooth on the bark. On the largest of the four he marked every evening a notch, to signify that a day was past. When he had made seven notches, the week was expired. Then he cut in the next tree another notch to express a week. As often as he had completed in the second tree four notches, he marked on the third, with a notch of the same sort, the revolution of a whole month! and, lastly, when
these

these marks that stood for months amounted to twelve in number, he made a score on the fourth tree to denote that the whole year was expired.

Henry. But all the months are not equally long: some have thirty-one days, others but thirty: how then could he mark exactly the number of days in each?

Mr. Bill. That he could reckon on his fingers.

Rich. On his fingers?

Mr. Bill. Yes; and, if you chuse, I will shew you how too.

All the children. Oh! dear papa, do.

Mr. Bill. Well, then, observe. He shut his left hand so; then, with the fore finger of his right hand, he touched one of the knuckles or finger joints of the left, and then the hollow that is beside it, and so on, naming the months in their order. Every month that falls upon a knuckle has thirty-one days, whereas the others which fall upon the hollows between the joints have only thirty; excepting the month of
February

February alone, which has not so much as thirty, but twenty-eight, and once in every four years twenty-nine.

He began, therefore, with the knuckle of the fore finger, and touching that, he named the first month of the year, January. How many days then has January?

Rich. Thirty-one.

Mr. Bill. I will go on, then, reckoning the months upon the knuckles of my fingers, and do you, Richard, as I name each, tell me the number of days that it contains. In the second place, therefore, February?

Rich. Should have thirty days, but it has only twenty-eight, and sometimes twenty-nine.

Mr. Bill. March?

Rich. Thirty-one.

Mr. Bill. April?

Rich. Thirty.

Mr. Bill. May?

Rich. Thirty-one.

Mr. Bill. June?

Rich. Thirty.

Mr.

Mr. Bill. July?

Rich. Thirty-one.

Mr. Bill. August? (pointing to the knuckle of the thumb.)

Rich. Thirty-one.

Mr. Bill. September?

Rich. Thirty.

Mr. Bill. October?

Rich. Thirty-one.

Mr. Bill. November?

Rich. Thirty.

Mr. Bill. December?

Rich. Thirty-one days.

Mr. Bill. Well, Henry, you have reckoned along with us in your pocket almanack, have we made it out right?

Henry. Yes, papa, you have not missed a tittle.

Mr. Bill. Such little matters as these are worth remembering, because you have not always an almanack at hand, and yet there is occasion for you sometimes to know how many days there are in this or that month.

Rich. Oh, I'll warrant I shall not forget.

Vol. I.

F

Henry.

Henry. Nor I, for I have taken particular notice.

Mr. Bill. It was thus, then, that our friend Robinson took care not to lose the order of time, but to know on what days the Sabbath fell, that he might keep it holy, after the manner of Christians.

In the mean time, he had used the greatest part of the cocoa nuts that he had stored up, having discovered but one tree of the kind as yet, and the shore furnished him with so few oysters, that they were not sufficient to keep him alive. He began, therefore, to be uneasy again concerning the article of food.

Hitherto fearful and cautious, he had not dared to go to any great distance from his dwelling. The dread of wild beasts, or of men not much more civilized, if any were to be found in the country, kept him at home; but necessity at length obliged him to conquer his reluctance, and to walk a little farther into the island, in order, if possible, to discover a new stock of provisions.

sions. With this intent he resolved, the following day, with God's blessing and protection, to traverse the whole island.

But, in order to defend himself from the excessive heat of the sun, he spent the whole evening making an umbrella.

Edw. Where did he find silk and whalebone?

Mr. Bill. He had neither silk nor whalebone; nor had he either knife, scissars, needle, or thread; and yet——but how do you think he set about making an umbrella?

Edw. That I cannot tell.

Mr. Bill. He wove the top of it with sprigs of willow, like a large round basket, not very deep: in the middle of this he fixed a stick, which he tied with his pack-thread, and then he went to the cocoa-nut tree for some large leaves, which he fastened with pins to the outside.

Rich. With pins? Where had he those pins?

Mr. Bill. Guess.

Harriet. Oh, I can tell. He found them among the sweepings, or between the chinks of the floor. I find a good many there.

Rich. A wise discovery ! As if one could find pins where there was nobody to lose them ! Besides, what sweepings could there be, or what floor in Robinson's little cave ?

Mr. Bill. Well, who can guess ? How would you do if you wanted to fasten anything, and had no pins ?

Rich. I would use thorns, such as grow on the hawthorn tree.

Geo. And I would use those strong prickles that we see on gooseberry bushes.

Mr. Bill. Pretty well both ; however, I must tell you, that Robinson used neither the one nor the other, by reason that he never saw either hawthorn or gooseberry tree in all his island.

Rich. What then did he use ?

Mr. Bill. Fish bones. The sea threw dead fishes up on the beach, from time to time, and when their bodies rotted away or
were

were devoured by birds of prey, their bones remained dry. Of these Robinson had gathered some of the strongest and sharpest to use as pins.

By means of them he contrived to make up an umbrella so close that not a single ray of the sun could penetrate it. Whenever any new piece of work succeeded with him, his joy was inexpressible; then he used to say to himself, "Have not I been a great fool to pass the best part of my youth in idleness? Oh! if I were in Europe now, and had all those tools at my command that are so easy to be procured there, what things I could make for myself! And what a pleasure it would be to me to make up myself the greatest part of my furniture, and the working tools that I should have occasion for."

As it was not very late, he bethought himself of trying to make a bag that might hold his provision, if he should be so lucky as to find any in his excursion. He turned

this scheme in his thoughts for a while, and at length succeeded in finding means to accomplish it.

You must know, he had made a tolerable good stock of packthread; of this he resolved to weave a piece of network, and of the network to make a bag.

Now it was thus he set about it. He fastened across, between two trees that were little more than a yard asunder, several threads, one under the other, and as close as possible. This resembled exactly what weavers call the *warp*. In the next place, he joined regularly, from top to bottom, thread with thread, still as close as possible, knotting the thread that went down with each thread that went across, exactly in the same manner as when one weaves a net. These threads, therefore, that went downwards, formed what is called the *woof*: and by this sort of workmanship he in a short time completed a piece of netting not unlike such as fishermen use. He
next

next slipped off the ends of the threads from the trees to which they were fastened, and joined the sides of the netting together, closing up the bottom; thus he left no part open but the top. Here was a bag or pouch complete, which he hung by his side, having fastened both ends of a stout piece of packthread to the mouth, and slipping the loop over his neck.

The happy success of his labour filled him with so much joy that he was scarce able to close his eyes all night.

Geo. I should like to have such a bag as that.

Edw. So should I too, if we had only some packthread.

Mrs. Bill. If you wished to enjoy as much satisfaction from your work as Robinson did from his, you should begin with making the packthread yourselves, and you yourselves should prepare the hemp or the flax for that purpose; but as there is neither flax nor hemp ripe at this season of the year, I will furnish you with packthread.

Geo. Oh dear mamma, will you be so good?

Mrs. Bill. Yes, my dear, if you desire it.

Geo. That is delightful.

Harriet. You are doing what is very right; for if ever you should happen to be in an island where there was not a living soul but yourself, you know beforehand how to set about such things; eh, papa?

Mr. Bill. Right. Well, make a trial. As to Robinson, we will let him sleep till to-morrow. In the mean time, we shall see if it is not possible to be as cunning as he, and to make an umbrella.

FIFTH EVENING.

THE next evening, the company being assembled in the usual place, Edward came strutting in with a pouch of network
that.

that he made himself, and which drew the eyes of the whole company upon him. Instead of an umbrella, he had borrowed a sieve from the cook, and stuck a broom-stick through it. This he held over his head as he came in, and marched up to the table with a great deal of importance and solemnity.

Mrs. Bill. Bravo. Edward! why this is excellent, I had almost taken you for Robinson Crusoe himself.

Rich. Ah! if I had but had a few minutes more time to finish my bag, I could have come in the same manner.

Geo. So could I too.

Mr. Bill. Well Edward has shewn that other people can make pouches of network as well as Robinson Crusoe. But, my man, your umbrella is not worth a farthing.

Edw. Oh, papa, I only make shift with this for the present, because I was not able to finish another in the time.

Mr. Billingsley (*opening a closet door, and fetching out an umbrella which he had made himself.*)

himself.) What say you to this, Mr. Robinson Crusoe?

Edw. Ah! that is a fine one.

Mr. Bill. I keep it until we come to the end of the story. Then he who shall have best performed the several pieces of work mentioned in it, shall be our Robinson Crusoe, and I will make him a present of the umbrella.

Geo. And must he really make a cave too, or a hut?

Mr. Bill. Why not?

All the Children. Oh, that is excellent, that is delightful.

Mr. Bill. Robinson could scarce wait for the daylight. He rose before the sun, and prepared for his journey. He slipped his pouch string over his neck, put a strong cord round his waist by way of girdle, in which he stuck his hatchet instead of sword, took his umbrella upon his shoulder, and so courageously began his march.

[*See the Frontispiece.*]

He first paid a visit to his cocoa-nut tree, to furnish his bag with a nut or two. Pro-

vided with some of this excellent food, he went straight down to the sea-side to seek also some oysters; and, having got a small store of these two articles, in case of necessity, he took a slight breakfast, with a drink of fresh water from his spring, and marched off.

The morning was delightful; the sun was just then rising in all his glory, and seemed as if he ascended out of the sea. A thousand birds, of different sorts and the greatest variety of admirable plumage, were then singing their morning song, and rejoicing at the return of light. The air was as pure and as fresh as if it had been but just then created, and the plants and flowers exhaled the most exquisite perfume.

Robinson felt his heart expand with joy and gratitude. "Even here," said he, "even here doth the Creator of the Universe shew himself the most beneficent of beings?"—He then mixed his voice with the melody of the birds, and sang a morning hymn, which he had formerly learnt, and still retained in memory.

As his fear of wild animals, whether men or beasts, was not yet entirely dissipated, he avoided, in his walk, as much as possible, all forests and thickets, chusing, on the contrary, such grounds as allowed him an open prospect on every side; but unfortunately these grounds were the barrenest parts of the whole island, so that he had gone a pretty long way without finding any thing that could repay him for his trouble, or be the least serviceable to him.

At last he observed a parcel of plants, which he resolved to inspect a little closer: they were growing together in tufts, and formed a kind of little coppice. Some had reddish blossoms, others white; a third sort, instead of blossoms, were covered with little green apples, about the size of a cherry.

He eagerly bit one of these apples, but found it unfit for eating, which so vexed him, that he plucked up the whole tuft, and was going to fling it away with all his force, when he perceived, to his great surprise, a number of round knobs hanging from the
roots.

roots of the tuft. He immediately suspected that these were properly the fruit of the plant, and, therefore, began to examine them.

But, however, this time his taste disappointed him; the fruit was hard and disagreeable to the palate. Robinson had a mind to throw the whole away; but fortunately he recollected that a thing should not be reckoned absolutely useless, because we cannot all at once discover the utility of it. He, therefore, put a few of these knobbed fruit into his pouch, and continued his walk.

Rich. I know what these knobbed fruit were.

Mr. Bill. Come, what do you think they were?

Rich. Why, they were potatoes; they grow exactly as you have described these knobs.

Henry. And America is their original soil too.

Geo. Aye, it was from that country that

Sir

Sir Francis Drake brought them. But Robinson was very stupid not to know potatoes.

Mr. Bill. Would you know them?

Geo. Law! I have seen potatoes, and eat of them a hundred times. I am very fond of them.

Mr. Bill. But Robinson had, perhaps, never seen any of them; at least, as they grow in the ground.

Geo. No?

Mr. Bill. No: consider, that was forty or fifty years ago, when they were by no means so common in some parts of England as they are at present.

Geo. Oh! then I beg his pardon.

Mr. Bill. You see, my dear George, how wrong it is to be too hasty in blaming others. We should always put ourselves in their place, and first ask the question if we could have done better than they. If you yourself had never seen potatoes, nor heard in what manner they should be drest, you would have been as much puzzled as Robinson

Robinson to find out the use of them. Let this teach you never to think yourself cleverer than other people.

Geo. It shall, papa.

Mr. Bill. Robinson continued his walk, but very slowly, and with a great deal of caution. The least noise, made by the wind in shaking the trees and the thickets, startled him, and made him put his hand to his hatchet to defend himself in case of need. But he always saw, to his great joy, that his fright was without foundation.

At length he arrived on the banks of a rivulet, where he resolved to make his dinner. He seated himself at the foot of a large branchy tree, and was just going to regale himself heartily, when, all at once, a noise, at a distance, threw him again into a terrible fright.

He looked round, with terror in his countenance, and, at length, perceived a whole troop of——

Edw. Oh la! savages, I suppose.

Geo. Or else lions and tigers.

Mr.

Mr. Bill. Neither one nor the other; but a troop of wild animals, which have some resemblance to our sheep, except that on their back they bear a small bunch like that of a camel. As to their size, they were very little larger than a sheep. If you would wish to know what these animals were, and how they were called, I will tell you.

Rich. Oh! yes, papa, if you please.

Mr. Bill. They are called lamas; their country is properly that part of America which belongs to the Spaniards, and is called Peru. There, before the discovery of that extensive country by Francis Pizarro and Almagro, the Peruvians had tamed this animal, and were accustomed to load it, and use it for a beast of burthen, as we do horses and mules. Of its wool they made stuffs for cloathing.

Rich. Then the people of Peru were not so savage as the other Americans.

Mr. Bill. Not by a great deal. They lived in houses properly built; as did also the
Mexicans.





Mexicans (here in North America); they had built magnificent temples, and were governed by kings.

Geo. Is it not from this country that the Spaniards draw all that gold and silver for which they go every year to America, in their galleons, as you have told us?

Mr. Bill. The same.—Robinson seeing these lamas approach, felt a violent desire to eat some roast meat, which he had not tasted for so long a time. He thought, therefore, of killing one of these lamas; and for that purpose he stood close beside the tree, with his hatchet of flint in his hand, waiting until the beast should, perhaps, pass so close to him, that he might strike it with his hatchet.

It happened as he expected. These animals, walking on without suspicion, and probably having never been disturbed by any living creature, passed by, free from the least dread of danger, close to the tree where Robinson stood in ambuscade; and one of the smallest of them coming within his reach, he gave it so effectual a stroke on the

the nape of the neck, that he laid it dead in a moment.

Harriet. Oh fy ! how could he do so ? The poor little sheep !

Mrs. Bill. And why should he not, Harriet ?

Harriet. Nay the poor little thing had done him no harm, however ; and so he might very well have let it live.

Mrs. Bill. Certainly, he might so ; but he had occasion for the flesh of this animal for his food and nourishment ; and dost thou not know that God hath permitted us to make use of animals whenever we have the like occasion ?

Mr. Bill. To kill any living creature without necessity, or to torture it, even barely to teaze it, is cruelty, and no good person will do so ; but to draw all the advantage possible from them, and even to kill them and use their flesh for our nourishment, is not forbidden. Besides, do not you know, as I explained to you the
other

other day, that it is very well for animals that we should deal thus with them?

Rich. Ah! very true; if we had no occasion for animals, we should not take care of them, and in that case they would not be near so well off as at present. How many of them would be starved to death in a hard winter!

Henry. Yes; and they would suffer still more if they were not killed, but left to die of sickness and old age, because they cannot assist each other as men do.

Mr. Bill. Again, we must not suppose that the death to which we put animals causes them a great deal of pain. They are not sensible beforehand that they are going to be killed, so that they are quiet and contented to the very last moment; and the feeling of pain, while they are killing, is soon past.

Robinson never thought of asking himself how he was to dress the flesh of this young lama, until the moment that he had killed it.

Harriet.

Harriet. Dear me ! could not he boil it or roast it ?

Mr. Bill. That is what he would have done with all his heart, but, unfortunately, he had not a single article for the purpose ; he had neither pot nor spit, and what is worse, he had not even fire.

Harriet. No fire ? Why, then, all he had to do was to light one.

Mr. Bill. True, if he had a flint and steel, tinder and matches ; but he had none of them.

Rich. I know what I would have done.

Mr. Bill. What, pray ?

Rich. I would have rubbed two bits of dry wood one against the other, until they took fire. I recollect, that is the method used by some savage people. We read it in a collection of voyages.

Mr. Bill. Robinson had exactly the same idea. He took up the lama, therefore, upon his shoulders, and turned his steps homewards.

On the way, he made another discovery,
which

which afforded him infinite joy. This was a number of lemon-trees, seven or eight, round which, on the ground, he found several ripe ones that had fallen. He gathered them up carefully, marked the spot where these trees grew, and, quite happy and content with his acquisition, hastened home to his habitation.

There his first business was to skin the young lama. He effected this by means of a sharp flint, which served him for a knife. He stretched the skin in the sun as well as he could in order to dry it, because he foresaw that it might be of service to him.

Rich. Why, what could he make of that?

Mr. Bill. Oh! a great many things. In the first place, his shoes and stockings began already to be full of holes. He thought that, when his shoes were quite gone, he might make soles of this skin, and fasten them under his feet, so as not to be obliged to walk quite barefoot. Besides, the thoughts of winter troubled him not a little, and he was glad that he had found a way to furnish himself

himself with fur against the severity of the cold.

It is true, he might have spared himself this uneasiness: for, in the country where he now was, there was never any winter.

Geo. Never any winter?

Mr. Bill. The cold of winter is seldom felt in any of those hot climates between the two tropics. I was speaking to you about them lately; have you forgot how they are called?

Henry. The Torrid Zone.

Mr. Bill. Right.—However, to make amends for this want of winter, they have, during two or three months of the year, incessant rains. As to Robinson he knew nothing of all that, because, in his youth, he would not suffer himself to be properly instructed. History, geography, and every other improving science, were tiresome and hateful to him.

Rich. But, papa, I think, for all that, that we have read once how very high mountains, like the Peak of Teneriff, are
always

always covered with snow; and how on that ridge of mountains which bounds Chili on the East, and extends from Peru to the Straits of Magellan, snow is to be seen the whole year. It must certainly be always winter there; and yet these places are between the tropics.

Mr. Bill. You are right, my dear Richard. Situations very high and mountainous are an exception; for upon the tops of these high mountains there is commonly a perpetual snow. Do you remember too what I told you of some countries in the East Indies, when we lately went over them on the map?

Rich. Yes; that, in some countries there, summer and winter are but two or three leagues asunder. In the island of Ceylon, which belongs to the Dutch; and there also—where—where was it?

Mr. Bill. In the peninsula on this side of the Ganges: for when, on one side of the Gaut mountains, it is winter, namely, upon the coast of Malabar, on the other
side

side of those mountains, that is, upon the coast of Coromandel, it is summer, and so alternately. The same is the case also in the island of Ceram, one of the Moluccas, where a man needs only to travel three leagues to get out of winter into summer, or out of summer into winter.

But here have we travelled very far from our friend Robinson. Observe how, at one spring, our thoughts can transport themselves in the twinkling of an eye to places distant from us by many thousands of leagues. From America we have taken a flight to Asia, and now—take care—they pass! we are back again in America, at Robinson Crusoe's island. Is not this wonderful!

After he had skinned the lama, taken out its bowels, and cut off a hind quarter to roast, his first care was to provide a spit. For this he cut down a young slender willow-tree, peeled off the rind, and made it sharp at one end; after which he chose a couple of forked branches to hold up the spit.

spit. Having cut them of an equal length, and sharp at the ends, he stuck them into the ground, opposite to each other; put the joint on the spit, which he then laid on the two forked sticks; and great indeed was his joy when he saw how well his spit went round.

He wanted nothing now but, what is most necessary of all, fire. In order to produce it by rubbing, he cut two pieces of wood from a dry trunk, and immediately fell to work. He rubbed so briskly, that the sweat ran down his face in great drops; but he could not accomplish his purpose; for when the wood was heated until it smoked, just then he found himself so fatigued, that he was under an absolute necessity to stop a few moments and recover strength; in the mean time, the wood cooled a little, and his whole labour became useless.

Here again he had a lively instance of the helplessness of man in a state of soli-

tude, and what mighty advantages the society of other men affords us.

He wanted but another man to go on rubbing when he was tired, and then he certainly would have set the piece of wood on fire; but those interruptions, which he could not avoid, rendered the thing impossible.

Rich. And yet I always thought that the savages produced fire by rubbing.

Mr. Bill. So they do. But then these savages are generally much stronger than we Europeans, who are brought up a great deal too delicately. In the next place, they know better how to set about it. They take two pieces of different wood, one soft, the other hard, and they rub the latter with a great deal of rapidity against the former, which, at length, takes fire. Or else, again, they make a hole in one of the bits of wood, into which they put the end of the other, and then turn it between their hands, with so quick and incessant a motion, that at length it begins to burn.

Of

Of all this Robinson knew not one tittle, and therefore did not succeed.

At last he threw away the pieces of wood, sat down upon his bed of hay in a melancholy mood, supporting his head upon his hand, and, sighing heavily, cast a look now and then upon the fine joint of meat which was likely now to remain on the spit without roasting. Then suddenly reflecting what would become of him in winter if he had no fire, he felt such piercing anxiety at the thought, that he was obliged to rise precipitately and walk about, in order to breathe more at his ease.

As his spirits were a good deal agitated, he grew thirsty, and went to the spring with a cocoa nut shell to fetch some water. With this he mixed the juice of a lemon, which made a most excellent drink, and afforded him unspeakable refreshment in a moment when he stood extremely in need of it.

In the mean time, the sight of his meat upon the spit made his mouth water; he

ardently longed for a little slice of it. He recollected at length to have heard that the Tartars put the meat which they mean to eat under their horses saddles, and so bake it, as it were, at full gallop. This, said he to himself, might be done as well by another method, and he resolved to try.

No sooner said than done. He went to seek two pieces of stone, pretty broad and smooth, of the same sort as that of which his hatchet was made. Between these two stones he placed a piece of meat that had no bones, and began immediately to strike without intermission upon the uppermost stone with his stone mallet. After he had done this for five or six minutes, the stone began to grow hot, which made him continue to strike with redoubled activity, so that in less than half an hour, the meat, partly by the heat of the stone, and partly by the pressure and weight of the blows, was grown quite tender and fit to eat:

No doubt the taste of it was not altogether so good as if it had been properly roasted ;

roasted; but to Robinson, who had been so long a time without tasting meat, it was a delicious morsel. "O you," he cried, "O you amongst my countrymen, whose delicate stomachs are often qualmish at the sight of the best food in the world, if it does not exactly suit the depraved sensuality of your appetites, if you were only a week in my place, how contented would you be all the rest of your lives with whatever food Providence should send you! How careful would you be of despising good victuals, and of shewing your ingratitude to the all-nourishing bounty of Heaven!"

In order to make this meat more savoury, he squeezed a little lemon juice upon it, and then he made such a meal as he had not made for a long time. Neither did he forget to thank, from the bottom of his heart, the Author of all Goodness for this new benefit.

When he had made an end of eating, he debated in his own mind what work would be the most necessary to set about. The

dread of winter, which had but a little before affected him so strongly, made him think of taking or killing a great number of lamas, merely to provide himself with skins; and, as these animals seemed to be exceedingly tame, he hoped to accomplish this intent without much trouble.

With this hope he went to bed, and a sound refreshingsleep repaid him richly for all his fatigues during the day.

SIXTH EVENING.

MR. BILLINGSLEY continued the story of Robinson Crusoe in these words:

Our friend Robinson slept till it was pretty far in the day. He was frightened, when he awoke, to find it so late, and, rising briskly, he was going directly to take the
field





field against the lamas; but the heavens did not permit him.

For no sooner did he put his head out of the cave, than he was obliged to draw it in again.

Harriet. How was that papa?

Mr. Bill. It rained as hard as it could pour, so that there was no possibility of going out. He resolved, therefore to wait until the shower was over.

But there appeared no likelihood of this; on the contrary, it grew more and more violent. It was accompanied also with lightning so bright, that his cave, which commonly was pretty dark, seemed to be all in a blaze; and then the flashes were followed by such claps of thunder as he had never heard. The earth trembled under the storm, and the echoes of the mountains repeated the sound of the thunder so often, that the tremendous roar seemed to be without end.

As Robinson had not received a good

education, it was natural enough for him to be foolishly afraid of the storm.

Geo. What, afraid of thunder and lightning?

Mr. Bill. Yes, so frightened, that he did not know where to hide himself.

Geo. Why, it is something grand; how could it frighten him?

Mr. Bill. I cannot well assign a reason for this fear. Perhaps it is, that the collection of sulphur, salt, and nitre, which produces the explosion of thunder, by taking fire, does, sometimes, in its course, set buildings on fire, and destroy the lives of those who are exposed to it.

Rich. Yes; but these accidents are very rare.

Mr. Bill. Besides, how many advantages does the storm bring with it! It purges the air of sulphureous vapours; it renders the air much purer and fitter to promote the vegetation of plants; the burning heat of the weather it renders cool and temperate;

rate ; and, last of all, it presents us with the grandest and most awful spectacle in nature.

Harriet. I love to see the lightning dearly. Papa, will you let us go out with you when it thunders, that we may observe the course of the lightning?

Mr. Bill. With all my heart.—Robinson, as you remember, had been ill-instructed in his youth. This was the reason why he knew not how great an advantage storms are ; how they clear the air, and make every thing grow better in the fields and gardens ; and how, consequently, they contribute to refresh and give, as it were, new life to both men and animals, trees and plants.

During the storm, he sat in a corner of his cave, with his hands clasped together, and oppressed with most dreadful anxiety. The rain, mean while, ran down in streams, the lightnings flashed, and the thunder roared incessantly. It was almost noon-day, and the violence of the storm had not, in the least, abated.

Robinson was not hungry ; his terror had entirely taken away his appetite ; but his imagination was disquieted with the most frightful ideas.

“ The time is come,” said he to himself, “ when God will make me suffer the punishment due to my transgressions. He has withdrawn from me his fatherly protection. I shall perish ; I shall never behold my poor parents again.”

Mr. Mered. I must confess, I am not well pleased at all with my friend Robinson this time.

Edw. Why not, Sir?

Mr. Mered. Had not his merciful Creator done enough already in his favour, to convince him that he never forsakes those who trust in him sincerely, and whose contrition is undissembled ? Had he not saved him from the most imminent peril of death ? Had he not already assisted him in such a manner, that he had ample reason never to fear perishing with hunger ?—And yet

yet to be so desponding! Fy, fy! It has not a good aspect.

Mrs. Bill. I am of your opinion, Mr. Meredith; nevertheless, let us have compassion on the poor youth. It was but very lately that he had begun to think at all, and, consequently, it was impossible for him to have made so great a progress as one who had studied from his earliest years to become always wiser and better.

Mr. Bill. My dear, you are right. Your compassion for poor Robinson is as just as it is worthy of your tender nature. I myself begin to have a considerable regard for him, as he has been some time past in the right way.

While he sat thus desponding, overwhelmed with trouble and disquiet, the storm, at length, began to abate. As the claps of thunder became less loud, and the rain came down lighter, hope by degrees revived in his breast. He thought he should now be able to set out on his expedition against the lamas, and was going to

take his hatchet and his bag, when, all at once—what do you think?—he fell backwards, quite stunned and senseless.

Rich. Hey-day! What was the matter with him, then?

Mr. Bill. Exactly over his head there burst the terriblest noise imaginable: the earth trembled, and Robinson was thrown backwards, and fell like a dead man. It seems the lightning had struck against the tree which grew on the top of the cave, and shattered it all to pieces, with a sound so tremendous as deprived poor Robinson of his senses, and he actually thought he was killed.

He remained on the ground a considerable time before he recovered his senses. At length, perceiving that he was still alive, he rose up, and the first object that he beheld before the door of his cave was part of the tree which the lightning had torn in pieces, and thrown down. A fresh misfortune for Robinson. How was he now to
fasten

fasten his ladder of ropes, if the whole tree was broken down, as he thought it was?

As the rain had now totally ceased, and the thunder was no longer heard, he took courage, at last, to go out; and then what did he see?

That which, in a moment, filled him with gratitude and love towards his Creator, and covered him with confusion for suffering himself to fall into despondency, as he had done. You must know the trunk of the tree which had been struck by the lightning was all on fire. Thus Robinson found himself, in a moment, master of that which he had most wanted; and thus Divine Providence had taken the most particular care of him, exactly at the moment when he imagined, in his despair, that he was entirely abandoned. Full of inexpressible feelings of joy and gratitude, he lifted up his hands towards Heaven, and, shedding a flood of tears, he thanked, with a loud voice, the affectionate Father of the Universe, who governs all, and who, even when he permits the

the

the most terrifying events to take place, acts ever by the wisest and most charitable reasons. "Oh!" said he, "what, then, is man, this poor worm of the earth, whose views are so confined? What is he, to dare to murmur against that which God hath brought to pass by means inscrutable to all mankind?"

From that time he had fire, without having had the least trouble in lighting it; from that time it was easy for him to keep the fire in; and from that time he had reason to be less uneasy about his subsistence in this desert island. The design that he had upon the lamas was dropped for to-day, because Robinson was desirous to make use of the fire immediately, and roast his meat, which had been upon the spit ever since yesterday.

As the fire had not yet reached the lower part of the tree, to which his ladder of ropes was fastened, he could mount in perfect security. He did so, took a burning splinter of the tree, descended again into the enclosure

closure before his cave, kindled a good fire under his meat, and then climbed up once more to put out that which was still burning in the trunk of the tree. This he effected in a short time.

And now he set about performing the duty of a cook. He tended the fire and turned the spit very carefully. The sight of the fire rejoiced him infinitely; he looked upon it as a precious gift which God had sent him from the clouds, and while he reflected on the great advantages that he should enjoy from the possession of it, his eyes were often turned with gratitude towards Heaven. And during the rest of his life, as often as he saw or thought of fire, he never failed to say within himself, "*That also God gave me.*"

Mr. Mered. Fire, which preserves all that breathe on this earth, is an emblem of the Divinity; it is the noblest of all elements.

Mr. Bill. Hence it is that the worship of fire hath been very common amongst the ignorant

ignorant pagans. At Rome it was preserved in the temple of Vesta; at Athens, in that of Minerva; at Delphi, in that of Apollo; and you must remember how much it was revered in Persia.

Mr. Mered. Yes, but thank Heaven we are better instructed, and know that fire is not God, but a gift of God's bounty, like water, earth, and air, which he hath created from the love he bears us.

Mr. Bill. Robinson, during his repast the day before, had only regretted the want of salt, which would have improved the taste of the meat that he dressed by blows of the mallet. He hoped, however, in time to find some salt in his island; for the present he contented himself with going to the shore, and bringing home, in a cocoa-nut shell, some sea water, with which he sprinkled his meat several times, salting it in this manner, in default of a better.

His meat was now done. The joy with which he cut off the first slice, and put the first bit into his mouth, cannot be described,

ed, but by one, who, like him, should not have tasted for a month before a single mouthful of meat properly drest, and who should have almost given up the hopes of ever tasting any such again.

After this, the main point was how to keep in his fire always.

Geo. That he could easily manage by adding constantly fresh wood.

Mr. Bill. Very good. But at night, while he was asleep, if there came a sudden shower, what was he to do then?

Harriet. But, papa, I'll tell you what; I would have made the fire in my cave where the rain could not come.

Mr. Bill. No bad thought. But, unfortunately his cave was so small, that it just served him to lie down in: and, then, chimney he had none; so that the smoke would have been exceedingly inconvenient to him; he could not have borne it.

Harriet. Nay, in that case I do not know how to assist him.

Rich. What a terrible situation! There
must

must always happen something to puzzle poor Robinson. One would think, now and then that he was made completely happy; but, your humble servant, something new comes all at once to cross him.

Mr. Bill. This may shew you how extremely difficult it is for one man singly to provide for all his own necessities, and how great the advantages are that we enjoy from civil life. My dear children, we should be but poor miserable beings, if we were obliged each of us to live by himself, and if nobody were to receive any assistance from his fellow creatures. A thousand hands are not sufficient to prepare what each of us wants every day.

Rich. Oh! papa!—

Mr. Bill. What, do you think that incredible? Well, let us reckon how many things you have had occasion for this day. In the first place, you have slept till sunrise this morning, and that on a good bed.

Rich. With a mattress underneath.

Mr. Bill. Very well. Mattresses are
stuffed

stuffed with horse-hair: this horse-hair requires two hands to cut it, two more to weigh and sell it, two to pack it up and send it off, two to receive it and unpack it, and two, again, to sell it to the saddler or upholsterer: lastly, the upholsterer's hands find employment in picking it and filling the mattress with it. The cover of this mattress is ticking; where has that been made?

Rich. At the weaver's.

Mr. Bill. And how?

Rich. In a loom, with thread, and a shuttle, and paste, and—

Mr. Bill. That is enough. How many hands did it take to make the loom? Let us be moderate, and say, for instance, 20. Paste is made of flour. What a number of things must be done before we can have flour! How many hundreds of hands must be moved, to make every thing that belongs to a mill, where wheat is ground into flour!—But to return to the weaver: thread is

is what he principally uses; where does he get this?

Rich. From the women who spin it.

Mr. Bill. Out of what?

Rich. Flax.

Mr. Bill. And do you know, again, through how many hands flax must pass before it can be spun?

Rich. Oh yes, we were reckoning that lately. In the first place, the husbandman sifts the flax seed, that it may not be mixed with tares: then the land must be dunged and ploughed twice; after which they sow, and then harrow. Next, when the flax begins to sprout up, a number of women and girls come to weed it. Again, when it grows to a proper height, they pluck up the stalks, and ripple them, in order to pull off the little round heads that contain the seed.

Edw. Yes, and then they tie the stalks together in bundles, and steep them in water.

Henry. And when the bundles have been
steeped

steeped long enough, they take them up out of the water.

Geo. And spread them in the sun to dry.

Charlotte. Then they clear the flax from the hulls with a *break*.

Harriet. Not yet, my dear Charlotte; it must be well pounded first.

Charlotte. Very true, and then they *break* it, and then—

Rich. And then they *scutch* it, and then they *hackle* it to separate it from the tow.

Mr. Bill. Now, put together all these things, which must necessarily be done before we can have linen; consider, also, how many sorts of different labours are required to make the instruments used by the husbandman, the flax-dresser, and the spinner; and you must own I do not exceed the truth in saying that more than a thousand hands have been employed in the making of your mattress.

Geo. A thousand hands! It is wonderful, and yet it is very true.

Mr. Bill. In the next place, consider how
many

many things you have daily occasion for, and then pray tell me, should it surprise us that Robinson Crusoe found himself every now and then puzzled and at a stand, when not another hand in the world but his own worked for him, and when he had not a single one of those instruments by means of which things in this part of the world are so easily and expeditiously made.

At this time, therefore, what puzzled him was the finding of some method or other to hinder his dear fire from going out. Sometimes he scratched his head as if he would have plucked a lucky thought out of it; again, letting his hands fall, he would walk backwards and forwards in his enclosure, not knowing what to have recourse to. At last he fixed his eyes by chance on the rock at the edge of his cave, and that moment the thought struck him how he was to act.

Henry. Eh! how was that?

Mr. Bill. There projected out of the rock, about a yard from the ground, a very large and thick ledge of stone.

Charlotte.

Charlotte. How large might it be?

Mr. Bill. Why really I have not been able to procure the exact proportions of it; but I will suppose, at a guess, that it was about as long as I am, its breadth and thickness might be a yard and a half.

Though it had rained very hard, the ground under this large piece of the rock was perfectly dry. Robinson saw at once that this spot would answer every purpose of a fire-place, being completely sheltered from all accidents; but he saw, moreover, that it would require no great trouble to make a proper kitchen under the stone, together with hearth and chimney, and therefore resolved to go immediately to work about it.

With his spade he hollowed the ground under the great stone, about a yard deep. After that, he conceived the idea of enclosing this ground, at the side, with two small walls reaching up to the stone itself.

Geo. But how could he make walls?

Mr. Bill. He had been accustomed, you
know

know, minutely to remark every thing that he met with, and he always asked himself the question, "What use may be made of this?" He had, amongst other things, observed a particular sort of clay in one part of his island, upon sight of which he immediately said to himself, "Perhaps this clay would make good bricks, if ever I should have occasion to build a wall."

At that moment he recollected the clay, and, having nearly finished hollowing out his kitchen, he took his spade and his knife of flint, and repaired to the spot where this clay was to be found, in order to set about the work without delay.

The heavy rain had made the clay so soft, that he found no difficulty in shaping it to the form of bricks, and cutting it smooth with his knife. After preparing a pretty good number of these bricks in a short time, he placed them, beside each other, in a spot where the sun shone all day. He determined to go on with this work the next day, and in the mean time returned home

home to eat the rest of his roast meat, the eagerness with which he had worked having sharpened his appetite. That he might regale himself in a princely manner on such a day of rejoicing as the present, he indulged himself by adding to his supper a cocoa-nut from the small number of those that still remained.

The repast was excellent. "Ah!" said Robinson, sighing from the bottom of his heart, which was partly content and partly sorrowful, "Ah! how happy should I be at this moment, if I had but one single friend, merely a man, were it the most miserable beggar in the world, to bear me company; one single man, whom I might call my friend, while I professed to him an equal friendship! Had I, at least, the happiness of being master of some tame animal, a dog or a cat, to whom I might shew kindness in order to gain its affection! But to live thus solitary, absolutely cut off from every living creature, and as if I were the

only being upon the earth!"——Here a few tears dropped down his cheeks.

He then recalled to memory the time, when, having it in his power to enjoy the sweet society of his brothers and other companions, he nevertheless had frequently quarrelled and disputed with them: the recollection of this filled him with bitter sorrow. "Ah!" said he to himself, "how little I then knew the value of a friend, and the impossibility of doing without the love and esteem of our neighbours, if we would live happy! Oh, if I could now begin to pass those days over again, with what complaisance and good-nature would I behave towards my brothers and other children! How patiently would I put up with small offences, and how would I exert myself to charm every body with my gentleness and good behaviour, and force them to love me in their turn! Heavens! Why did I not know how to value the happiness of friendship until I had lost that happiness——alas! lost it for ever?"

With

With these words he turned his eyes accidentally towards the entrance of his little lodge, and perceived a spider which had spread its web in a corner. The thought of lying under the same roof with some living creature so filled him with joy, that he did not trouble himself in the least about the species of the animal. He resolved to catch flies every day for this spider, to shew it that it lived in a place of freedom and friendship, and in order to make it tame, if it was possible.

As it was still day, and the air, freshened by the storm, was infinitely agreeable to the sense, Robinson did not chuse to go to bed yet, and, that he might employ the time in something useful, he took up his spade again, and began to hollow out the ground for his kitchen. In doing this, he struck all at once upon something hard that was in the earth, and was very near breaking his spade.

He took it at first for a stone; but what was his astonishment, when, having drawn

out a great heavy lump of something, he discovered it to be—pure gold!

Rich. Gracious! Well, he certainly has surprising luck, this Mr. Robinson Crusoe.

Mr. Bill. Surprising luck, indeed! This mass of gold was so thick, that, had it been coined, it would have produced upwards of 10,000*l.* Behold him, therefore, at present, a man of vast fortune! What a number of things could he procure himself now! He could build himself a fine house, he could have a carriage, horses, footmen, apes, monkeys; he could——

Geo. Ay; but where was he to have all these things in his island? There was nobody there that had any thing to sell.

Mr. Bill. Oho! I had forgot.—Robinson, however, did not; so that, instead of rejoicing for the treasure that he had found, he kicked it from him with contempt, and said, “Lie there, miserable metal, which men in general covet so greedily, and which they purchase with so many base actions and even crimes! Of what use art thou

thou to me? Oh! that, in thy place, I had found a good lump of iron, with which I might, perhaps, have made myself a hatchet or a knife! How willingly would I give thee for a handful of iron nails, or for some useful instrument!"—He left, therefore, all this precious treasure lying neglected on the ground, and afterwards, as he passed by, scarce thought it worth a look.

Harriet. I'll tell you what, papa: he did exactly as the cock did.

Mr. Bill. What cock?

Harriet. Oh! do you forget the fable that you read to us one day? Once upon a time there was a cock——

Mr. Bill. What next?

Harriet. That scratched upon a dung-hill, and found a—what was it?

Mr. Bill. A pearl?

Harriet. Ah! yes; a pearl—And then he said, "Of what use art thou to me with all thy brightness! If I had found, instead of thee, a grain of barley, it would have been of much more service to me." Saying

this, he left the pearl on the ground, and went away without taking any farther notice of it.

Mr. Bill. Very good. Just so did Robinson with the lump of gold.

Night now came on. The sun had for some time sunk beneath the main—

Geo. What, in the sea?

Mr. Bill. So it appears to those who live in an island, and see nothing round them but water. The sun, in fact, seems to them to sink down into the sea at night when he sets; and, therefore, people sometimes express themselves thus, as if the thing were really so.

The moon rose bright at the other end of the heavens, and shone so beautifully into Robinson's cave, that the delightfulness of the view hindered him from going to sleep.

Harriet. Oh! look, look, dear papa; our moon too begins to appear yonder.

Rich. Oh! what an enchanting sight! how mild her light is; how pleasing!

Mr.

Mr. Bill. Well, my dears, Robinson is asleep, while his fire, kept up by large pieces of wood, continues to burn slowly. Now, what do you think of doing in the mean time?

Edw. I think, at least, that I shall hardly sleep much to night, I am so impatient to know the rest of Robinson's adventures.

SEVENTH EVENING.

THE following evening, before Mr. Billingsley began the continuation of Robinson Crusoe's history, he expressed himself thus: I hope, my dear children, that, in relating this history to you, I do not detain you from any employment more agreeable or improving. I would not put the least constraint on you; so that whenever our friend Robinson grows tiresome to you—

Edw. Tiresome, papa! It is impossible.

Mr. Bill. However, I observed some of you, yesterday evening, gape and yawn a good deal.

Geo. Oh! papa, the reason of that was, that we had worked very hard in our gardens all the afternoon, so that it was no wonder if we were a little sleepy towards night.

Edw. To-day we have only been weeding and watering our lettuce-beds, so that we are quite fresh.

Harriet. Oh! quite fresh, papa; look how I can jump.

Mr. Bill. Well; you have only to tell me whenever this story begins to grow heavy or dull.

Rich. Oh; never fear; I'll warrant you.

Mr. Bill. Then I proceed.

As the heat was excessive in Robinson's island during the day time, he was obliged, whenever he undertook any thing laborious, to work at it very early in the morning, or else in the cool of the evening. He rose, therefore,

therefore, before the sun, put fresh wood to his fire, and ate the half of a cocoa-nut that he had left since the evening before. After this he intended to have put another joint of his lama on the spit; but he found the flesh already tainted, on account of the extraordinary heat. He was, therefore, obliged to go without the pleasure of eating meat for that day.

Upon this, he prepared to set out for the clay-pit; and, putting on his pouch, he found still remaining in it the potatoes which he had brought home two days before. He resolved to try the experiment of dressing them; so put them down close by his fire, and having covered them with hot ashes, he set out.

He worked so hard, that before twelve o'clock he had prepared as many bricks as he thought he should have occasion for, to complete the wall of his kitchen. He next went down to the beach to look for some oysters; but instead of oysters, of which he

found only very few, he discovered, to his great joy, another sort of food, much better than any that he had found yet.

Rich. What was that, papa?

Mr. Bill. It was an animal, the flesh of which, it is true, he had never tasted; but he had frequently heard that it was the most wholesome and delicious imaginable.

Rich. Well, then; what was it?

Mr. Bill. A turtle, and so large, that it is rare to see the like in those parts. It might weigh 100lb.

Geo. Why, it must have been a monster of a turtle. Are there really such great ones?

Rich. Oh! yes; and much larger still. Have you forgot what papa read from Captain Cook's Voyages. The turtle that his people found in the South Seas weighed 300lb.

Geo. 300 lb.—astonishing!

Mr. Bill. Robinson loaded his shoulders with his prize, and marched slowly home-wards.





wards. — When he arrived at his cell, his first care was to come at the flesh of the turtle, which he did, at length, by cutting open, with his hatchet, the lower shell that covered its belly ; he then killed it, and cut off a good part of it to roast, which, having fixed upon the spit, he waited with impatience until it was done, for his work had considerably sharpened his appetite.

While he turned the spit, he considered with himself what he must do with the rest of the turtle to keep it from tainting. To salt it would have been the only effectual way, but then he had neither tub nor salt.

It filled him with concern to think that all that fine turtle, the flesh of which would nourish him for more than a week, must be unfit to eat the next day ; and yet he could not think of any expedient to save it. All at once a thought struck him. The upper shell of the turtle was shaped like a large bowl. “ That,” said he, “ shall serve me

for a trough to salt it in—but where is the salt?

“Only think, what a great fool I must be!” cried he, striking his hand against his head; “cannot I steep this meat in sea-water, and will not that have the same effect, or nearly so, that brine would have? A lucky thought! a lucky thought!” cried he: and his joy made him turn the spit twice as fast as before.

His turtle was now nicely done. “Ah!” said Robinson, sighing, after he had tasted, with much satisfaction, a small bit of it which he thought very savoury, “if one had the least morsel of bread with this! How stupid was I in my youth, not to know that we should thank God for a bit of dry bread! I was seldom contented if my bread was not loaded with butter, and even then, perhaps, I must have cheese—Oh idiot that I was! How happy should I now be with a piece of the blackest rye bread that ever was made in my country!”

While

While he was taken up with these reflections, he recollected the potatoes that he had left in the ashes before he went out in the morning. "Let us see," said he, "how they will turn out;" and he took up one of them.

Here was new cause of rejoicing! The fruit, which was before so hard, was now become quite tender; and when he opened it, the smell was so pleasing, he never hesitated to conclude that the taste must be equally so. In effect, this root tasted as agreeable—as agreeable as—— Eh! Who will help me out with a simile?

Mr. Mered. As agreeable as a potatoe.

Mr. Bill. Even so. That settles it all in one word. In short, Robinson perceived that this root, which was so agreeable to the taste, would supply the place of bread.

He made, therefore, a magnificent repast; after which, as the sun was burning hot, he threw himself on the bed for a while, to consider at his ease what work he should

should begin when the violence of the heat was over.

“What piece of work,” said he, “should I undertake at present? The sun must harden my bricks before I can begin my wall. The best way then, certainly, will be to go and kill a couple of lamas—But what am I to do with such a quantity of meat?—What, if I should hang up some of it to dry in the smoke of my kitchen?—Excellent!” cried he; and with these words he bounced from his bed, and sat down in the front of his intended kitchen, to deliberate on the means of succeeding in this plan.

He presently saw that the thing might be done well enough. He had only to leave two holes in the walls that he was to build, and through them to run a large stick across. It was an easy matter to hang his hams and flitches upon this, and the smoke of the chimney would do the rest. This happy thought was near turning his head with joy.

joy. What would he have given that his bricks were already hard enough, that he might begin the grand work that very moment! But there was no help for it; he must be content to wait until the sun hardened his bricks.

Something, however, must be done to employ the time. While he meditated what that should be, a fresh thought struck him, which by far surpassed, in cleverness, all that he had hitherto conceived. And he was astonished at his folly in not having hit upon it before.

Rich. What was it, then?

Mr. Bill. No more than this; he resolved, in order that he might have company, and at the same time provide for his subsistence, to bring up some tame animals.

Geo. Ah! some of the lamas, I dare say.

Mr. Bill. Right. In fact, these were the only animals that he had seen hitherto. As these lamas appeared already to be extremely tame, he hoped he should succeed in taking a couple of them alive.

Geo.

Geo. Oh! that would be delightful. I should like to be along with him, to have another couple.

Mr. Bill. But pray, George, how would you contrive it? They were hardly so tame as to let themselves be caught.

Geo. Then how did Robinson mean to do?

Mr. Bill. That was the very point that Robinson had many long and serious deliberations upon. But man, where an undertaking is not in itself absolutely impossible, man needs but to *will* seriously and with perseverance, and nothing is insurmountable to his understanding and industry; so great and manifold are the faculties with which our good Creator hath endowed us!

Attend to this, my dear children, and never despair of success in any labour or difficulty whatsoever, provided you take the firm resolution of not giving over until you have accomplished it. Unwearied application, constant reflection, and a courage that perseveres in spite of every obstacle,
have

have often brought enterprizes to a period which were at first deemed impracticable. Never, therefore, suffer yourselves to be discouraged by the difficulties which you will meet with in the affairs of life! but always reflect that the more exertion it has cost to bring a business to a happy issue, the more joy one feels at having accomplished it.

Robinson soon succeeded in hitting upon a method to take the lamas alive.

Rich. What was it?

Mr. Bill. He proposed to make a noose upon a cord, and, hiding himself behind a tree, to throw the noose over the head of the first lama that should approach.

With this intent, he twisted a pretty strong cord, and in a few hours the cord and the noose were completed: he made a trial or two to see whether the noose would catch well, and it answered perfectly to his wish.

As the place by which the lamas were accustomed to pass, in their way to the water, was pretty far off, and because he was
not

not sure whether they would pass by there that evening, as it was about noon that he saw them go to drink before, he put off till next day the execution of his project : in the mean time he made the preparations requisite for the journey.

That is to say, he went to the spot where the potatoes grew, and filled his bag with them. Part of them he put down in the warm ashes to roast, and the rest he threw into a corner of his cave for a future store. In the next place he cut off a pretty large piece of his turtle to serve for supper and the next morning's breakfast, and steeped what remained in sea water, which he had brought with him for the purpose.

Lastly, he dug a small hole in the ground, which was to be his cellar, for want of a better. In it he placed his turtle shell with the salted meat, placed over that the piece that he meant to roast for supper, and then covered the whole with small branches of trees.

For the rest of the afternoon, in order to
refresh

refresh his spirits, he indulged himself with an agreeable walk along the sea side, where there blew a fine fresh easterly breeze, which rendered the air agreeably cool. His eyes traversed with pleasure the immense ocean, whose surface was then gently agitated by small waves following each other in slow succession to the shore. He turned his eyes fondly towards the part of the world where his dear country was situated, and a few trembling tears trickled down his cheeks at the remembrance of his beloved parents.

“What are they doing now, those poor disconsolate parents?” cried he, bathed in tears, and clasping his hands together. “If they have survived the bitter sorrow which I unhappily have caused them, alas! what grief consumes their days! How must they sigh to behold themselves childless; to see their last, their only son, become a traitor to their love, and abandoning them for ever! Oh my dearest, best of fathers! my tender, affectionate mother! pardon, ah, pardon

pardon your unhappy son for thus afflicting you! And thou, O Heavenly Father, at present my only father, my only society, my only support and protector!—[here he threw himself upon his knees in the posture of adoration]—Oh, my Creator, shed thy most precious blessing, shed all the happiness which thou hast destined for me, and of which I have rendered myself unworthy, shed them upon my dear parents, whom I have so grievously offended, and thus console them for their sufferings. Ah! how cheerfully will I endure whatever dispensation it shall please thy wisdom and mercy to appoint for me in order to my future amendment, could but my poor parents, who are innocent, be made happy!”

He remained a little longer on his knees, looking up to Heaven in silent grief, and his eyes swimming in tears. At length he rose, and, with his knife of flint, he cut out upon the tender bark of a tree that was at hand, the much-loved names of his parents. Over them he placed these words,

“God

“God bless you!” and below, “Mercy to your lost son!” After that, his lips, warm with affection, kissed the names which he had cut out, and he bedewed them with his tears. He afterwards engraved these same names, which were so dear to him, upon a number of other trees in other parts of the island, and, from that time forward, he generally offered up his prayers at the foot of one of these trees, and never failed to remember his parents in them.

Geo. For once, I think, he behaved well.

Mr. Bill. He is, at present, in the fairest train to become an honest and good man, and for this he is indebted to the wise Providence of Heaven which conducted him hither.

Geo. He might now, therefore, return to his parents, if Providence thought fit.

Mr. Bill. God, who foresees every thing that will happen, knows best what is for the advantage of any man, and will regulate the events of his life according. It is true

true, circumstances have kindled a spark of virtue in Robinson's breast, but who can tell if other circumstances would not quickly extinguish this spark again; and if he was at this moment taken from his island, and restored to his father's house, who knows whether the infection of example and prosperity would not corrupt him once more? Oh, my children, how just is this precept, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall!"

While Robinson walked backwards and forwards on the beach, it occurred to him that he would do well to bathe himself. He therefore took off his clothes; but how was he terrified on seeing the condition of his shirt, the only one that he had! As he had worn it without shifting for so long a time, and in so hot a climate, one could scarcely perceive that the linen had ever been white. Wherefore, before he bathed himself, he took care to wash this shirt as well as possible, and, having hung it upon a tree to dry, he jumped into the water.

He

He had learned to swim pretty early, so that, being perfect master of the exercise, he amused himself with swimming out to a good distance from shore towards a neck of land that extended pretty far into the sea, and upon which he had never been yet.

Charlotte. A neck of land? What is that?

Mr. Bill. We give that name to a long piece of land, one end of which joins an island or a continent, and the other stretches out into the sea. You understand?

Charlotte. Oh, perfectly.

Mr. Bill. This thought of Robinson's was very lucky; for he found that the neck of land was, during the time of high water, entirely covered, and that, on the ebbing of the tide, a considerable quantity of turtles, oysters, and muscles, were left behind. This time, indeed, he could not carry any of them away, neither did he want them at present, as his kitchen was sufficiently stored: however, the discovery
of

of them afforded him no small degree of satisfaction.

That part of the sea in which he swam abounded with fish so plentifully that he could almost have caught them with his hands. If he had had a net he might have taken them by thousands; however, though he had none, he hoped, as he had been hitherto so fortunate in all his undertakings, that he might one day or other be master of a fishing net.

Satisfied with these discoveries, he came out of the water, after having been a full hour in it. The heat of the sun had entirely dried his shirt, and he had the pleasure once more of putting on clean linen.

But, as he had contracted the habit of reflecting upon every thing, he considered that this pleasure could not last very long; for, having but one shirt, he was obliged to wear it constantly, and, when it was worn out, he had none to replace it. This reflection damped his joy a good deal: nevertheless, he took courage, and after he
had

had dressed himself, returned to his habitation, frequently repeating to himself, "The Lord be praised for all things !"

Rich. He is right now not to suffer himself to be cast down or despond, but to put a reasonable trust in Providence.

Harriet Oh, how I should like to see Robinson. I am very fond of him.

Geo. If papa would only give me paper, I should like to write him a letter.

Edw. So would I too.

Rich. And I: it would give me great pleasure to write to him.

Harriet. Well, so it would me, if I knew how to write.

Mrs. Bill. My dear, you shall tell me what you would say to him; I will write for you.

Harriet. Oh, thank ye, mamma, that will do charmingly.

Mrs. Bill. Come, then, I will give you all paper.

Upon this, they retired to the next room for about half an hour, at the end

of which time they all returned in great spirits, with each his letter in his hand.

Harriet. Here, papa, here is my letter; pray be so good as to read it.

Mr. Billingsley reads:

“ My dear Robinson,

“ Take pains to be industrious and good; that will please every body, and especially your father and mother. You now see how useful it is to suffer a little hardship. George and Richard send their compliments to you; so do Henry and Edward. Come some day and see us, I will then tell you more.

HARRIET.

Geo. Now mine, papa: here it is.

Mr. Billingsley reads:

“ My dear friend,

“ We wish you all the happiness possible, and as soon as I get some pocket-money I will buy you something. And go on, as you have begun, to be a good lad. I send you along with this some bread; and take care not to fall sick. How is your health?

I wish

I wish you well, dear Robinson, though I do not know you ; yet I like you very well, and am your faithful friend,

GEORGE BILLINGSLEY.

Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788."

Edw. Well, here is mine ; but I fear it is too short,

Mr. Billingsley reads :

" Dear Robinson,

" I am sorry that you are so unfortunate. If you had staid at home, these misfortunes would never have happened. Take care of yourself, and return as soon as possible to your dear parents. Once more, take care of yourself. I am your faithful friend,

EDWARD BILLINGSLEY."

Rich. Now mine. It is my turn next.

Mr. Billingsley reads :

" Honoured Robinson,

" I pity you very much, that you are thus separated from every living creature.

I suppose you are sorry for it yourself at present.

present. I wish, with all my heart, that you may be able, some day or other, to return to your dear parents. Fail not, for the future, to put your trust in Providence on all occasions: you will fare the better for it. I say, again, take care of your health.

I am,

Your sincere friend,

RICHARD BILLINGSTLEY.

Twickenham, Feb. 7, 1788."

Henry. Mine, I am afraid, is good for nothing.

Mr. Bill. Let us see.

Henry. I only wrote a few words in a hurry, that I might have done as soon as the rest.

Mr. Billingsley reads:

"My dear Mr. Crusoe,

"How goes the world with you yonder in the island? I am told you have met with a good many turns of fortune. You cannot tell yet, I suppose, whether your island is inhabited or not: I should be very glad to know. I understand too that you
have

have found a great lump of gold; but there in your island it is of no service to you.”—*[Mr. Bill.* You might have added, nor here in Europe neither. The greatest quantity of gold that a man can possess will never render him either better or happier.]—“It would have been better for you had you found some iron instead of it: you could, then, have made yourself a knife, a hatchet, and other tools. I wish you well;

And am,

Your faithful friend,

HENRY BILLINGSLEY.

Twickenham, Feb. 7. 1788.”

Geo. But now after all how are we to send our letters?

Harriet. We need only give them to some captain of a ship that is going to South America; and then too we can send him something. I will send him some apples and some walnuts. You'll give me some for him—won't you, mamma?

Rich. (*whispering his father*) They are

so soft as to think that Robinson Crusoe is still alive.

Mr. Bill. My dear children, I thank you, in Robinson's name, for the kindness that you shew him; but as to these letters, it won't be in my power to send them.

Geo. La! why not?

Mr. Bill. By reason that Robinson has been long since in heaven, and his body is returned to dust.

Geo. Ah! what, is he dead; and but just now he has been bathing himself!

Mr. Bill. You forget, my dear George, that what I relate to you concerning Robinson Crusoe, happened fifty years ago: so that he must have been dead a long time. But I am now writing his history, and shall take care to have your letters printed along with it.

Harriet. Oh! that will be charming. But in the mean time, I suppose, papa, you will go on telling us something of him.

Mr. Bill. With pleasure. I have things to tell you still that will please you as well
as

as what you have already heard. But for this evening I think we have had enough. — Robinson, after bathing himself, went home to his dwelling place, ate his supper, said his prayers, and went to rest contentedly.

And it is time for us to do so too.

EIGHTH EVENING.

MR. Bill. Well, where did we leave off last night?

Henry. Where Robinson went to bed after bathing.

Mr. Bill. Oh! right.—Well, then, Robinson rose the next morning early, and prepared for the chase. He furnished his pouch with plenty of roasted potatoes, and a good large slice of roasted turtle, which he wrapped up in the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree. Next he slung his hatchet by his

side, tied the cord which he had made the day before for catching the lamas, round his waist, took his umbrella in his hand, and began his march.

It was very early ; he resolved, therefore, for this time, to take a round, in order to make himself acquainted with some other parts of his island. Amongst the numbers of various birds that fluttered about the trees, he remarked some pārrots, the colours of whose plumage were extraordinary beautiful. How did he wish to have one of them that he might tame it, and have it for his companion ! But the old ones were too cunning to be caught, and he could no where discover a nest with young ones. He was obliged, therefore, to put off the gratification of this wish until some other opportunity.

In return for this disappointment, he discovered in the course of his walk, a thing much more necessary to him than a parrot ; for, getting to the top of a hill near the sea-side, and looking down between the cracks
of

of the rock, he saw something lie on the ground which excited his curiosity. He let himself down by the assistance of his feet and hands, and found, to his great satisfaction, that it was—what do you think?

Henry. Pearls, perhaps.

Rich. Yes, truly, the sight of pearls would have given him great satisfaction! Perhaps it was iron.

Edw. Nay, do not you know that iron is not to be found in hot climates? It was, perhaps, another lump of gold.

Harriet. Nonsense! Would that have made him glad? Gold was of no use to him you heard before.

Mr. Bill. I see you will not be able to guess, then; I will tell you. What he found was—salt.

Hitherto, he had, it is true, in some respects, supplied the want of salt with sea-water; but, after all, *that* was not salt. The sea-water has a bitter taste which is very disagreeable; and, besides, it was a mistake to think that meat salted in this manner

would keep; because sea-water, as well as that of a spring or river, grows stinking after it has stood some time. It was, therefore, a very lucky thing that he found some real salt, and he filled both his pockets with it, in order to supply himself with a stock for immediate use.

Geo. How did that salt come there, papa?

Mr. Bill. Then you do not remember what I told you one day concerning the original of salt?

Rich. Oh! yes; I recollect it still. Some they take out of the earth, some they make of salt-water that flows in springs, and some, again, is made from sea-water.

Mr. Bill. Now, the salt made from sea-water is either prepared by men or by the sun.

Geo. The sun?

Mr. Bill. Yes; for when any sea-water is left upon the land, after a high tide, or a flood, the sun makes the water by degrees to evaporate, and what remains on the spot is then salt.

Harriet.

Harriet. Well, that is comical.

Mr. Bill. See with what kindness Heaven provides for us! That which we can least do without, does always require the least preparation by art, and is always found in the greatest abundance.

Robinson went in high spirits to the place where he hoped to noose a lama. When he came there, he saw none; but then it was not quite noon. He sat down, therefore, at the foot of a tree, to regale himself with his roast turtle and potatoes. How much more savoury did they taste to him now that he had a little salt to eat with them!

Just as he had finished his meal, the lamas appeared at a distance, coming towards him with skips and bounds. Robinson quickly placed himself in a posture of attack, and waited with his noose ready for the approach of one of the lamas. Several had passed him beyond his reach; but, all at once, there came up one so near to him, that he scarce needed more than to drop

the noose to have him fast in it. He did so, and that moment the lama was his prisoner.

The poor beast would have bleated, but lest that should frighten the rest, Robinson pulled the noose so tight, that the lama was completely silenced. He then dragged it as fast as he could into a thick coppice to hide it from the rest.

This lama was a female, and had two young ones which followed her, to the great satisfaction of Robinson, and did not appear to be the least afraid of him. He patted the pretty little things, and they—just as if they would have begged of him to let their mother go—licked his hands.

Geo. Well, then, I think he might have let her go.

Mr. Bill. He would have been a great fool in doing so.

Geo. Nay, the poor creature had done him no harm however.

Mr. Bill. But he had occasion for it; and you know, my dear George, we are permitted

permitted to make use of animals in case of need, provided we do not abuse them.

Robinson was transported with joy at having so happily attained his object. He dragged the creature along with all his strength, though she jumped and skipped a good deal to get from him, and the two little ones followed quietly behind. The shortest way was now the best for Robinson, and, pursuing that, he at length arrived happily at his dwelling-place.

But here started a difficulty. How was he to get the lama into his enclosure, which, as we have said before, was so strongly barricaded all round? To sling it down from the top of the rock, by means of a cord, was not at all advisable; the poor animal might be strangled in the way. Robinson resolved, therefore, to make up a little stable near his place of abode, and there to keep the lama and her young ones, until he should be able to suit his conveniency better.

In the mean time he fastened the animal to a tree, and immediately fell to work; that
is

is to say, he cut down with his hatchet of flint a number of young trees, and fixed them in the ground, so close, one beside the other, that they formed a pretty strong wall. While this was doing, the lama lay down through weariness, and the little ones, no way troubled at their being prisoners, were sucking quite unconcerned, and feasting themselves at their ease.

What a pleasing sight was this to Robinson ! Above a dozen times he stopped from his work to look at the pretty little creatures, and thought himself beyond measure happy in having some animated beings to bear him company. From this moment his life seemed no longer solitary, and the joy which he felt from this reflection, gave him such strength and activity, that his stable was very soon finished : he then put the lama and her young ones into it, and closed up the last opening with branches firmly interwoven.

What was his satisfaction now ! It is impossible for words to describe it. Besides
the

the company of the lamas, which of itself was a valuable thing, he promised himself many other great advantages, and with much reason: for in time he might perhaps learn to make some sort of cloathing with the wool of these animals; he might use their milk for food, he might make butter and cheese of it. It is true, he did not yet know by what means he should attain these objects, which were still so far distant; but he had already experienced that no man should despair of his skill or performance, provided he gives his whole mind to the work, and applies to it with persevering attention.

There wanted still one thing to complete his happiness: he wished to be in the same enclosure with his dear lamas, that he might have them always before his eyes when he was at home, and enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them grow fond of his company.

He puzzled himself a long time to find how he should accomplish this: at length, his determination was to break down one side

side of his wall of trees, not grudging whatever labour it might cost him, and to make another wall that would take in a larger space. This alteration, besides, would give him more room, and make him more at his ease. But in order to be secure from all accidents while he was working at his new hedge, he prudently resolved not to break the old wall until he had finished the new.

Thanks to his indefatigable pains, the work was finished in a few days, and then Robinson had the satisfaction of being in the same habitation with his three domestic companions. This, however, did not make him forget his first companion, the spider, which he provided every day with gnats and flies. The spider, soon perceiving that he used her as a friend, grew so tame, that, whenever he touched her web, she should come out and receive from his hand the fly that he held to her.

The lama also and its young ones soon grew fond of his society. As often as he returned home, they came jumping to meet him;

him; they would smell about him to find whether he had brought them any thing, and gratefully lick his hand whenever he gave them fresh grass or young branches to eat.

After this he weaned the young ones, and then began to milk the dam regularly morning and evening. His cocoa-nut shells served him for pails and milk pans, and this milk, which he used partly sweet and partly curdled, contributed not a little, by its agreeable taste and nourishing quality, to render his solitary life still more tolerable.

As his cocoa-nut tree was useful to him in so many respects, he was extremely desirous to find a method of producing more of them. But how was he to contrive it? He had often heard of grafting trees, but the manner in which it was done had never excited his curiosity. "Oh," said he to himself, "how little is the advantage that I have reaped from the years of my childhood, when I had time and opportunity to have learnt so much! Ah! if I had known my own interest better, should I not have taken

notice of every thing that I saw or heard? And if my capacity did not allow me to arrive at the height of learning which many men attain, I should at least have come near it; and how useful would every thing that I could have learnt be to me at this present moment! Oh! if I could grow young again, how attentive would I be to every thing that is executed by the hands or industry of men! There is not a trade nor an art of which I would not have endeavoured to learn some part."

But of what use were these wishes? The misfortune was now past remedy. It was, therefore, his business to exert himself in supplying by his own invention what he wanted in skill; and this, in effect, was the course that he took.

Without knowing whether he was right or wrong, he cut off the tops of two or three young trees; in the middle of the trunk he made a small slit, in which he stuck a young twig from the cocoa-nut tree; he then covered round with thin bark the place

place where he had made the slit, and waited with impatience for the result of his labour. This, too, succeeded with him. After some time the suckers began to bud, and now he had found a method to produce a whole grove of cocoa-nut trees.

Here was a fresh cause for rejoicing, and for entertaining the most lively gratitude towards our Creator, who has implanted in the nature of things such virtues and qualities, that living creatures are nowhere in want of means to preserve themselves, and render their condition agreeable.

Both the old lama and the young were in a short time grown as tame as dogs. He began, therefore, by little and little, as occasion required, to make them serve for carrying burthens, especially whenever he went out for any thing that would have been too much trouble for himself to carry.

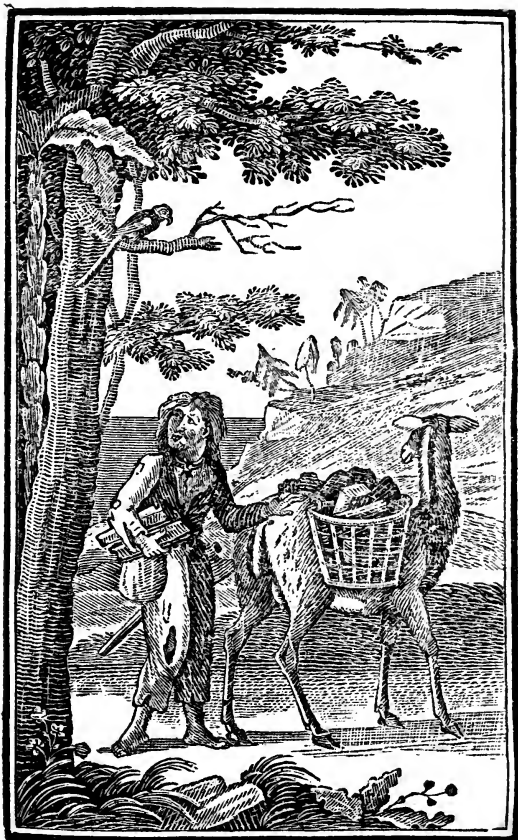
Rich. Ay; but how could he take them with him when there was no way for them to go out of the enclosure?

Mr. Bill. I forgot to tell you, that, in the
new

new wall, at a part where it touched a close thicket, he had left an opening where a lama could barely squeeze itself out. This hole was not to be seen from without, and every evening Robinson closed it up with branches strongly interwoven together.

It was delightful to see Robinson coming home to his habitation, and his lama walking before him. She was soon able to find the way as well as her master, and when she came to the little door she stopped first to be unloaded, and then crept in upon her belly, Robinson following by the same passage. Then was the joy of the young lamas complete; they expressed their satisfaction by jumping and bleating, and would run first to their mother to welcome her home, then to their master to caress him also. Robinson, on such occasions, would mix his joy with theirs, as a father rejoices over his children when he clasps them in his arms once more after an absence of some time.

Mr. Rose It must be confessed, there is
some-





something very instructive and affecting in this gratitude of animals towards a man who has done them a kindness.

Mr. Bill. There are several examples of it which are extremely striking, and would almost induce us to believe that some beasts are really endued with thought like men, if we had not, on the other hand, proofs of the contrary.

Henry. Ay; for instance, the lion and the man mentioned in SANDFORD and MERTON—what was the man's name?

Rich. Androcles.

Henry. The same. He had plucked a thorn out of the lion's paw.

Geo. There was a good lion ! He was so fond of Androcles, who had done him that service ; and ever after, in return, he did the man no harm when he had it in his power to devour him. If they were all like him, I should like to have a lion myself.

Rich. For my part, I like much better the dog that belonged to a Swiss.

Harriet. What dog?

Rich.

Rich. Have you forgot him? The dog that saved the lives of two men.

Harriet. Dear Richard, tell us that story.

Rich. There was once a man in Switzerland, where those high mountains the Alps are. Well, the man climbed up to the top of one of them, which was prodigious high. Oh, it was as high, as high—as if you were to put St. Paul's upon itself ten times over.

Geo. You leave out one thing, brother; he took a guide with him.

Rich. Certainly, he took a guide—well, and the guide took his dog. Now, when they had reached the top of the mountain——

Geo. Yes, and the mountain was covered with snow——

Rich. Pray hold your tongue—Well, then, the mountain was all covered with snow. Now, when they were almost at the top, the gentleman slipped, and the guide going to his assistance slipped too, and so then they both slipped and slid until they were within a few yards of the
edge

edge of the precipice from which they would have fallen down almost a mile before they touched the bottom. But then the good dog seized his master by the skirt of his coat, and held him fast, so that he could not slip any farther, and he held the gentleman until they both got up.

Geo. Well, now you must tell us what the gentleman said; I have not forgot it.

Rich. Nor I neither. He invited the guide to come and see him as often as he pleased at his house, and charged him never upon any account to forget bringing his dog, as he intended, whenever he came, to give him a good belly-full.

Harriet. And did the gentleman do so?

Rich. Yes, certainly: as often as the guide visited him, he entertained him in the best manner he could, and was always sure to give the dog a full belly.

Harriet. That was well done.

Mr. Bill. Well, my dear children, we have lost sight of Robinson. Shall we stop here for this evening?

Geo.

Geo. Oh, dear papa, no. A little more of Robinson, let it be ever so little.

Mr. Bill. By this time his bricks were hard enough to be used. He looked, therefore, for some chalky earth, with which, instead of lime, he intended to make mortar for his wall; and he found some. In the next place, he made himself a trowel of a flat stone, and, being resolved to have every thing complete that belongs to a bricklayer, he went even so far as to make a square and a plummet, but not in a bungling manner; as perfect as possible. You know, I suppose, what those things are?

Edw. Oh, as to that matter, we have seen them pretty often.

Mr. Bill. Having, therefore, finished all the preparatives requisite for his masonry, he made his lama bring home the bricks that he had occasion for.

Rich. But how was he able to put the bricks upon the lama?

Mr. Bill. Why, indeed, you would not easily

easily guess how he contrived it, therefore I think it best to tell you at once.

He had long observed that it would be a very great advantage to him to know something of the useful art of weaving wicker panniers; but he had taken so little notice in his youth of the manner in which basket-makers work, that he knew as much of this art, which, nevertheless, is tolerably easy, as he did of all the other useful arts; that is to say, he knew nothing about it.

However, as he had once succeeded in making an umbrella by this sort of weaving, he frequently afterwards amused himself in his leisure hours with trials of the same kind, by dint of which he discovered at length the whole mystery of the art, so as to be able to make a pretty tight pannier. Two of these he had woven on purpose for his lama to carry. He fastened them together with a string, and laid them upon the lama in such a manner that they hung down one on each side.

Geo. Oh, papa! I should like to learn basket-making.

Mr. Bill. Well, then, I will speak to a basket-maker, the first time I meet one, to come here and give you some lessons.

Geo. Oh, that will be charming! And then I will make a beautiful little work basket for Harriet.

Harriet. And I will learn to make them too, papa, shan't I?

Mr. Bill. By all means; it can do you no harm. In effect, we sometimes have an idle hour upon our hands, when this basket-making would come in quite seasonably.

Robinson then fell to his bricklaying, in which he succeeded tolerably well. He had now built up one of the side walls of his kitchen, and laid the foundation of the other, when all of a sudden there happened something which he had never dreamt of, and which terribly disappointed all his plans.

Rich.

Rich. I wonder what that accident was.

Harriet. Oh ! I know it. The savages came and ate him up.

Geo. Mercy on us ? was it that, papa ?

Mr. Bill. No, it was not that. But it was something that frightened him almost as much as if the savages were come to roast him alive.

Rich. Dear me ! what was it ?

Mr. Bill. It was night, and Robinson on his bed of hay slept soundly, with his lamas at his feet. The moon shone out in all its splendor, the air was clear and calm, and a profound silence reigned over all nature. Robinson, fatigued with the toils of the day, was fallen into a sweet slumber, and dreaming, as usual, of his dear parents, when suddenly——but let us not close this evening's entertainment with an event so full of terror ; we might, perhaps, dream of it, and have our sleep disturbed. Rather let us turn our thoughts to something more

agreeable, that we may end the day in joy and gratitude to our good Father who is in heaven.

NINTH EVENING.

MR. BILLINGSLEY having brought the history of the *NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE* down to the end of the preceding evening, it now happened that business indispensably called him away for several evenings successively, and prevented him from resuming the story, much to the disappointment of his young family.

They were quite impatient to know what this was that had happened to poor Robinson, and they would any of them have given their favourite plaything to be informed of the events of that dreadful night, concerning which *Mr. Billingsley* had so long kept silence.

silence. Unfortunately, it was not in the power of any other person but their father to inform them, and he thought proper to say nothing of it until he should have time to continue the story regularly as usual.

Their conjectures were endless, and only served to puzzle them more and more. One guessed this thing, another that; but none of their guesses agreed entirely with the circumstances which they already knew of this mysterious adventure.

“But why should we not know the whole?” said some of them in a very piteous tone.

“I have my reasons,” answered their father.

The children were, by a prudent education, accustomed to be satisfied with this answer, and therefore pressed no farther, but waited with a guarded impatience for the moment when the cause of their father's silence should no longer exist. Mean time, as it is easy for a grown-up person to read the thoughts of children, Mr. Billingsley could clearly perceive what passed in their

minds. The following reflection was written, as it were, upon the forehead of each of them: "Why does our papa refuse us this satisfaction? What reasons can he have for not gratifying our curiosity!" He thought proper, therefore, upon this occasion, to convince them once more that he did not want the inclination to make them as happy as lay in his power, and to shew them that he had reasons of importance for not continuing the story.

"Prepare yourselves," said he, "to set off to-morrow morning very early on a party down the river for Greenwich. You have often wished to see it, and to-morrow I propose to indulge you."

"Down the river?—to Greenwich?—in a boat?—What I, papa?—Shall I go?—And I?" asked all the children with one voice; and a general "Yes" having satisfied all their questions, they ran, quite transported with joy, to communicate the news to their mamma, and to make the necessary preparations for their voyage.

"To

“To Greenwich ! to Greenwich ! Where are my half-boots ? Jenny, where are my gloves ? Quick ! the brush ! the comb ! We are going to Greenwich ! Quick ! quick !” Nothing was to be heard all over the house, but these expressions of joy and impatience.

Every thing, therefore, was prepared for the next day's party ; and the young travellers, in the fulness of their joy, asked a thousand questions, without waiting for a single answer. They were, at length, however, prevailed on to go to bed for that night, their impatience being so great, that they were already wishing for the morning to set out on their journey.

At length the morning appeared, and the whole house was in motion. Nothing was heard but knocking at each other's bed rooms ; so that they were all very soon obliged to rise and dress themselves.

When the whole party, old and young, were assembled, and the former were almost devoured with caresses by the latter ; Mr. Billingsley rubbed his eyes, and in a

tone of voice which breathed most sorrowful discord to the accents of universal joy, he said, "My dear children, if you would do me a favour, you would excuse me to-day from performing my promise."

"What promise? what promise?"—and each mouth that asked this question remained open in anxious expectation, accompanied with a sort of fright.

Mr. Bill. The promise that I made to you of going to Greenwich to-day.

The astonishment and confusion of the younger part of the company was complete. Not one could utter a syllable.

Mr. Bill. I have been thinking last night that we should do wrong to go on this party to-day.

The Children. Why so, papa?—and they could hardly speak for sobs.

Mr. Bill. I will tell you, and then leave it to yourselves to judge. In the first place, we have had, for some time past, an easterly wind, (and, I find, it is in the same point this morning,) which makes the river extremely rough.

rough, and must be very disagreeable to a party that are going down.

The Children. But, papa, the wind may change still.

Mr. Bill. Besides, I considered, that, if we were to stop another month, we should see many of the East India ships, that are to sail this year, dropping down to Deptford; and I know two or three captains of them; we might, perhaps, dine aboard of one, which would be very agreeable—would it not?

The Children. Yes, papa—but——

Mr. Bill. But I have still a stronger reason. You know, Charles and Arthur Stanfield, your first cousins, whom you have never seen yet, are to come out of Cheshire shortly, and spend a month with us; would it not be infinitely better to wait for their coming, and take them with us? Would they not, as often as we should speak to them of the agreeableness of our party, sigh and wish that they had been there too? And, in that case, would the

remembrance of our day's pleasure cause us much satisfaction ! No ; certainly not. On the contrary, we should always be sorry within ourselves, that we had not done by them as we could wish them to do with regard to us, were we actually in their place and they in ours. Therefore, what say you ?

A profound silence.

Mr. Billingsley goes on. You know, I never broke my word with you ; so that, if you insist upon it, we shall set off. But if you would, of your own accord, quit me of my promise, you would do me a kindness ; and you would do your cousins a kindness, and yourselves. Therefore speak — What is to be done ?

“ We will wait ” was the answer ; and, consequently, the fine party of pleasure was put off till another time.

It was easy to be seen that this victory over themselves had cost some of them dear : these were far from being as chearful as usual the rest of the day. Mr. Billingsley

lingsley took occasion, therefore, towards evening, when they were all assembled, to speak to them in this manner:

“My dear children, what has happened to you to-day, will happen to you frequently in the course of your lives. You will expect to enjoy this or that earthly advantage; your hopes will appear as well founded as possible, and you will burn with impatience to realize them; but in the very moment when you think to touch this long-expected happiness, Divine Providence, which is supremely wise, will, in an instant, disappoint your designs, when you shall least expect it, and thus you will find your too sanguine hopes many, many a time sadly frustrated.

“The reasons which your heavenly Father will have to act thus with you, will seldom appear to you so clearly and distinctly as you have heard my reasons this morning for putting off our party to Greenwich: for God, being infinitely wise, looks to the most remote futurity; and often, for our advan-

tage, suffers things to happen, the good effects of which we do not experience until long after, perhaps, even in another world.

“Now, if every thing were to happen perfectly to your wish while you are young, and if you always obtained, at the exact moment, whatever was the object of your hopes, oh ! my dears, how much the worse would it be for you during the remainder of your lives ! How would your hearts be corrupted by such prosperity ; and how unhappy would your affections, thus corrupted, make you at a time when things should not go quite to your liking ! And such a time will come, my dears ; it will come as certainly for you as it comes for all other men ; for hitherto there has never been a man in the world, who could say that things have always succeeded with him completely, and according to the fulness of his wishes.

“In this case, then, what are we to do, my dear children ?—No more than this ; accustom yourselves, while you are young, to deprive yourselves frequently of a pleasure
which

which you would have given the world to enjoy. This victory over yourselves, often repeated, will strengthen your understandings and your affections in such sort, that, for the future, you will be able to support, with unshaken fortitude, whatever a wise and benevolent God shall appoint you for your good.

“What I have said will teach you, my dear children, to interpret many instances of our behaviour, which to you appear unaccountable, and which we, who are advanced in years, commonly adopt with regard to you. You have, no doubt, often been surprised at our refusing you a gratification for which, perhaps, you long ardently. Sometimes we have told you the reasons of our refusal; that is, when you were capable of understanding them: and sometimes, on the other hand, we have not told you them; for instance, when you were too young to be able to understand them. And why did we do so? Often merely on purpose to exercise your patience

tience and moderation, virtues so necessary to all men, and to prepare you for the subsequent accidents of your lives.

“ You know now, also, why, for these few days past, I have forborne the recital of Robinson Crusoe’s History. I might certainly have found, at least, sufficient time to clear up to you the adventure with which I left off, and concerning which you have been, ever since, in a disagreeable uncertainty : but, you see, I did not tell you another word about it, though you frequently asked me, and it is always against my will that I refuse you any thing. Now, why did I do thus, Harriet ?”

Harriet. Because, papa, you had a mind to teach us patience.

Mr. Bill. Very right ! And most certainly, if ever you have cause to thank me for any thing, it will be for accustoming you thus to give up without regret any thing of which you have before ardently desired the possession.

A few days more passed without any talk
of

of going on with the story of Robinson Crusoe ; but, at length, the hour so earnestly long for arrived, when Mr. Billingsley was no longer prevented by business or otherwise from satisfying the general wish. He went on, therefore, without interruption, in these words:

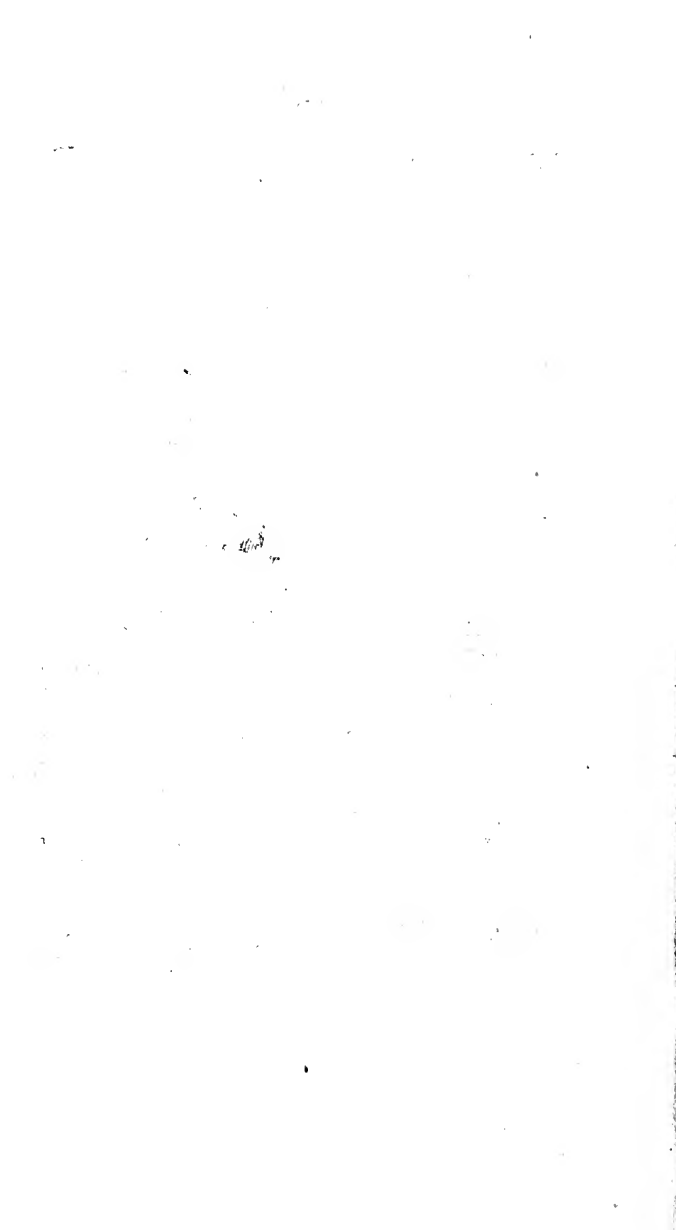
It was night, as I told you at my leaving off, and Robinson was quietly stretched on his bed of dry grass, with his faithful lamas at his feet. A deep calm overspread all the face of nature, and Robinson, according to his custom, was dreaming of his parents, when, all at once, the earth shook, in an uncommon manner, and a rumbling noise was heard, together with dreadful cracks, as if many storms burst forth all at once. Robinson started up in a fright, and jumped out of bed without knowing what was the matter, nor where he was going. At this moment happened a dreadful shock of the earth, which was succeeded by several others equally violent. The rumbling noise also continued, which seemed to

to come from under ground. At the same time arose a furious hurricane, which tore up trees, and even rocks, and agitated the very depths of the roaring sea. All the elements seemed to be at war with each other, and nature to approach her final dissolution.

Robinson, almost frantic with terror, ran out of his cave into the space before it; and the affrighted lamas followed. Scarce were they out, when a piece of the rock, which rested over the cave, fell down upon the bed which Robinson had just left. Fear, now, lent him wings: he fled with precipitation through the small opening in his wall of trees, and the lamas, no less terrified, were close at his heels.

His first intention was to secure himself upon a neighbouring mountain, on the top of which was a plain perfectly open, that he might not be in danger of the falling trees. He was going to run thither, when suddenly he beheld, to his infinite terror and surprise, that very same spot of the mountain open with a huge gap, and vomit forth smoke,





fire, cinders, stones, and a burning stream of what is called *lava*. He could scarcely tell which way to run from this dreadful eruption, as the burning lava rolled down the hill like a river, and great fragments of rock were hurled into the air, in every direction, and fell as thick as hail.

He ran towards the sea-side ; but here he beheld a new scene no less terrible. A dreadful whirlwind, which blew from all quarters of the sky, had driven together a large quantity of clouds, and heaped them, as it were, one upon the other. Their own weight burst them at length, and the consequence was such a deluge of rain, as, in a moment, laid the whole country under water.

Robinson saved himself with difficulty by climbing up a tree ; but his poor lamas were carried off by the violence of the flood. Ah ! how it went to his heart to hear their plaintive bleatings ; and how willingly would he, at the risk of his own life, have endeavoured to save them, but
that

that the rapidity of the torrent had already carried them far beyond his reach!

The earth continued to shake still for a few minutes, after which there fell, all at once, a dead calm. The winds subsided; the opening of the mountain ceased by degrees to vomit fire; the rumbling under ground was heard no more; the sky cleared up, and all the waters ran off in less than a quarter of an hour.

Geo. (*sighing heavily*) Ah! thank God it is all over! Poor Robinson and the poor lamas!

Harriet. For my part, I was terribly frightened.

Charlotte. What occasions these earthquakes, papa?

Rich. Papa has explained that to us long ago, but you were not here.

Mr. Bill. Tell her, Richard.

Rich. There are a number of great holes under the earth, like caverns, and these are filled with air and exhalations. Besides, there are within the earth all manner of things.

things that easily take fire, as sulphur, pitch, nitre, and the like. These begin sometimes to heat and take fire, when moisture happens to accompany them.

Geo. Moisture? Can wetness, then, occasion any thing to take fire?

Rich. Certainly. Have you never seen, when masons throw cold water upon burnt lime-stones, how they begin immediately to boil and smoke as if they were upon the fire, and yet there was no fire near them? Well, in the same manner things take fire under ground as soon as water penetrates to them; and then, when they burn, the air which is in these great caverns expands so prodigiously that there is no longer room to contain it, so that, striving forcibly to find a passage out, it shakes the earth, until, at length, it makes an opening somewhere, and through this opening it comes forth like a hurricane, drawing with it a quantity of burning and melted matter.

Mr. Bill. And this matter, which consists of stones, minerals, and unctuous bodies, all

all melted together, is what we call lava. I have somewhere read that a man might make a little mountain for himself that would vomit fire. If you should like that, we will make the experiment some day.

The Children. Oh, yes, by all means, dear papa.

Rich. And how is that done?

Mr. Bill. You need only dig a hole in the ground where it is moist, and put into it some sulphur and filings of iron. This mixture will heat and take fire of itself, and then you have a burning mountain in miniature. We will make a trial of it the first idle day.

While Robinson was coming down from the tree on which he had saved himself, his mind was so depressed with the calamity which had just fallen on him, that he never once thought of thanking for his fresh deliverance that Being who had before, more than once, preserved him when in the most imminent danger of perishing. His situation was, indeed, now, to the full as miserable

table as ever it had been. His cave, the only place of refuge that he had hitherto found, was, in all probability, a heap of ruins; his dear and faithful lamas he had seen, with his own eyes, carried off by the flood, and without doubt they must have perished; all his past labours were demolished, and his plans for the future disappointed! The mountain, it is true, had ceased to throw up fire, but from the gulph, which was still open on the top of it, there issued forth a thick black smoke, and it was very possible that this mountain might now continue to be always a volcano. In that case, how was Robinson to enjoy one moment's security? Might he not reasonably dread a fresh earthquake, or a fresh eruption, every day?

These melancholy ideas completely overpowered him. He sunk under the weight of his miseries, and, instead of turning himself towards God, the only source of true consolation, he thought of nothing but his future

future misery, which appeared to him infinite both in weight and duration.

Exhausted with anguish and discomfort, he leaned against the tree, and, from his pained breast, he uttered sighs, or rather deep groans, of distress. He remained in this position, the picture of despair, until the dawn told the approach of day.

Geo. (to Mr. Meredith.) I see now that my papa was right.

Mr. Mered. In what?

Geo. I was thinking lately that Robinson was altogether reformed, and that Providence might safely order things for his deliverance from the island; but in answer to that my papa observed, that our heavenly Father knew every thing best, and that it was not for us to judge in such cases.

Mr. Mered. And now?

Geo. Why, now I see plainly that he had not the confidence in his Maker which he ought to have had, and, therefore, that God did well in not delivering him yet.

Edw.

Edw. So I think too. I must own; I am far from liking him now so well as I did some time ago,

Mr. Bill. Your observation, my dear children, is perfectly just. It is true, we see plainly that Robinson has not that firm, unalterable filial confidence in his Maker which he naturally ought to have after so many proofs of his wisdom and goodness as he had experienced; but, before we condemn him on this head, let us first put ourselves in his place for a moment, and ask our own hearts if we should have acted better under the same circumstances. What think you, Edward? If you had been Robinson, would you have had more courage than he?

Edw. (*hesitating.*) I can't say.

Mr. Bill. Recollect the time when you had sore eyes, and we put blisters behind your ears. Do you remember how dispirited you were at times? And yet it was but a short-lived pain; it lasted but too days. I know, indeed, that you have more
sense

sense now, and would bear the pain better; but could you also bear with filial submission every thing that Robinson was forced to undergo?—What think you, my dear? Have I not some reason for doubting upon that score?

Your silence is the best answer to my question. As, thank Heaven, you have never been in a situation like that of our poor friend Robinson, you cannot tell what would be your sentiments if you were: therefore, all that we can do at present is to accustom ourselves, in the slight misfortunes which we perhaps must experience, to turn our eyes towards Heaven, and be ever patient and full of confidence. Our hearts will then be more and more strengthened every day, so as to bear with due resignation even the greatest sufferings, if our heavenly Father shall think proper to appoint them to us.

At length the day appeared, and its newborn light, while it spread joy over all nature, found poor Robinson still leaning
against

against the tree, in a situation truly deplorable. Sleep had never closed his eyelids; one gloomy thought alone absorbed his whole soul; he had asked himself a thousand times the sorrowful question, "What will become of me?" At length he set himself in motion, and staggering as he walked, like a man who is half asleep, he arrived after some time, at the ruins of his habitation. But what joyful emotions seized his breast, when, all at once, as he came up towards the willow enclosure--what think you?—his dear lamas, safe and sound, came jumping to meet him! At first he could not believe his eyes, but his doubts were soon satisfied. The lamas ran up to him, licked his hands, and expressed their joy at seeing him again by bleating and skipping about.

Robinson's heart, which, until that moment, had seemed insensible and frozen, was now awakened. He looked at his lamas, then up to Heaven; and tears of joy, gratitude, and repentance for his want of

faith, bedewed his cheeks. He now patted and caressed his old friends a thousand times, and, accompanied by them, went to see what was become of his habitation.

Henry. But how were the lamas saved?

Mr. Bill. We may suppose that the flood had carried them to some rising ground where the waters were not quite so deep, and as they ran off afterwards as rapidly as they had fallen from the clouds, the lamas were very soon able to return to their habitation.

Robinson then stood in the front of his cave, and, to add to his confusion, found the damage here also by no means so considerable as, in the height of his despondency, he had imagined it. The ceiling, which consisted of one piece of rock, had, it is true, tumbled down, and in its fall brought some of the nearest earth along with it; yet, after all, it appeared not impossible to clear the cave of these ruins, and then his dwelling-place became twice as spacious and convenient as it was before.

To this must be added another circumstance,

stance, which plainly demonstrated that Divine Providence had ordered events thus, not to punish Robinson, but rather expressly for his preservation: for when he had more closely examined the spot where the piece of rock had been suspended, he, to his no small terror, perceived it to be surrounded on every side by a soft earth, and, consequently, that it could never have been firmly placed; it was, therefore, likely enough to fall down by its own weight sooner or later. Now this Divine Providence foresaw, and perhaps, moreover, foresaw that the piece of rock would fall precisely at a time when Robinson was in the cave. But, as the all-wise and good Creator had appointed to this man a longer life, he had, from the creation of the world, so formed the earth, that exactly at that time, and in that island, there should be such an earthquake. Even the rumbling noise under ground, and the roaring of the hurricane, how terrible soever they had sounded in the ears of Robinson, were circumstances that contributed to save him: for, had the earthquake

come on without any noise, Robinson, in all likelihood, would not have awakened, and then the fall of the rock would certainly have put an end to his life.

Thus, my children, Heaven took care of him at a time when he thought himself forsaken, and even made these dreadful accidents, which Robinson looked upon as his greatest misfortune, contribute wholly to his preservation.

This happy experience of heavenly mercy you will have frequent opportunities of gaining, if you wish to remark the ways by which Providence will conduct you. In all the unfortunate situations of life which it may be your lot to fall into, you will find these two things ever true; namely,

In the first place, men always represent to themselves the evil which happens as greater than it really is.

Secondly, that all our misfortunes are sent to us by our merciful Creator for wise and good reasons, and that, consequently, in the end, they will ever contribute to our real happiness.





TENTH EVENING.

MR. BILLINGSLEY goes on.—Robinson, who for some time past had used the custom of joining prayer with his labour, began by throwing himself on his knees to thank God for his late deliverance; after which he cheerfully set about his work, which was to clear his cave of the ruins. It was but a slight task to remove the earth and the gravel, but there remained still the great piece of rock, which had been under all. It is true, it was broken in two; but even in this state it seemed to require more than the strength of one man to dislodge it.

He tried to roll out the smallest of the two pieces, but in vain: the task was too much for his strength. An attempt so far from succeeding discouraged him once more. He did not know what to try next.

Rich. Oh, I know what I should have done.

Mr. Bill. What?

Rich. I would have made a lever, or a crow, such as the men had the other day when they rolled a great beam into the barn yard.

Geo. I was not by then. What is a lever, or a crow, as you call it?

Rich. It is a long stout pole ; one end they put under the beam or the stone that they wish to move, and then they place a little block or stone under the lever, but as close as possible to the beam or whatever else is to be rolled along ; then laying their hands on the other end of the lever, which they press with all their force upon the block, the beam is thus raised up, and may be rolled without much trouble.

Mr. Bill. I will explain to you the reason of that another time : at present listen and hear what Robinson did.

After having meditated upon the matter a long time to no purpose, the idea of the lever

lever struck him too at last. He recollected that when he was young he had sometimes seen workmen make use of this instrument when they wanted to move very heavy loads, and he hastened to make a trial of it.

This succeeded. In half an hour he rolled the two pieces of stone clean out of the cave, which four men with their hands alone could not have stirred from their places ; and then he had the satisfaction of seeing his dwelling twice as spacious as before, and, what was of infinitely more consequence, quite secure as far as the eye could examine : for now both the walls and the ceiling consisted of one hollow rock, in which there could no where be discovered the smallest crack.

Edw. But, papa, what was become of his spider ?

Mr. Bill. I am glad you put me in mind of it. Poor spider ! I had almost forgot it. But, in truth, I can tell you nothing about it, unless that, according to all appearance,

it was buried under the ruins of the ceiling; at least, Robinson never saw it again; however, his other friends, the lamas, made him amends for its loss.

He now ventured to turn his steps towards the volcano, from which a black smoke still continued to rise. He was astonished at the quantity of melted matter that had run from it on all sides; part of which was not cold yet. For this time, therefore, he only admired, at a distance, the grand, but dreadful sight of the smoking gulf, because fear, and the lava, which was still too hot, hindered him from approaching nearer.

Having remarked that the principal stream of lava had taken its course towards the spot where his potatoes grew, he was much terrified at the idea that this torrent of fire might, perhaps, have laid waste the whole place; nor could he be easy until he satisfied himself on this head. He went, therefore, to the spot, and found, to his great joy, the whole plantation safe and sound.

From that moment, he resolved, at all hazards, to plant potatoes in many different parts of his island, in order to prevent the misfortune of seeing himself deprived of so admirable a fruit by some unlucky accident or other. It is true, winter, according to his reckoning, was now just at hand; “but,” said he to himself, “who knows whether these plants are not of the sort that will stand the winter?”

Having put this design into execution, he began again to work upon his kitchen. Here also the terrible convulsion of nature which had just happened, was the means of procuring him a great advantage; for, you must know, that the burning mountain had, amongst other things, thrown up a considerable quantity of limestones. These are commonly burnt in a kiln before lime can be made of them; but here that was not necessary, for the burning mountain had already been as good as a lime-kiln to them.

Robinson, therefore, had only to gather

some

L. 5

a small

a small heap of these stones, to throw water upon them, and then to stir the heap well about. Thus the lime was slaked, and made proper for the mason's use. He then mixed with it a little sand, fell to work immediately, and had reason to be pleased with his own cleverness.

In the mean time, the mountain had ceased smoking, and Robinson ventured to approach the gulf. He found the sides and the bottom covered with cold lava; and as he could not perceive the least smoke come out any where, he had reason to hope that the subterraneous fire was entirely extinguished, and that, for the future, he should have no eruptions to dread.

This hope having given him fresh strength and spirits, he turned his thoughts towards laying in a store of provisions against the winter. With this intent he caught, one after another, eight lamas, in the same manner as he had caught the first. All these he killed, except one ram, which he kept alive to be company for his three tame

tame lamas; and he hung up the greatest part of the flesh in his kitchen to smoke. But first he had let it lie some days in salt, because he had remembered to have seen his mother do so at home, when she made bacon.

Here was a pretty good stock of provisions; yet still he dreaded lest he should fall short if the winter was severe and lasted long. For this reason, he would have taken more lamas, but he found his method would no longer answer; for the creatures had, at length, taken notice of his manner of noosing them, and were, therefore, on their guard; so that he was obliged to invent some new way of taking them.

This way he soon found: so inexhaustible are the resources of the human mind, if properly exerted, in providing for its wants, and encreasing its happiness. He had observed that the lamas, whenever they perceived him near the spring, ran swiftly towards a neighbouring coppice, in their way to which they passed over a little hill. The

farther side of this hill was hedged, as it were, with small thickets; and close behind this hedge there was a descent as steep as a wall, and about a couple of yards deep. The lamas, in their flight, always jumped clean over the hedge, and landed at the bottom of the hill; and this observation determined him to dig a deep hole on this spot, where the lamas jumped down, that they might fall into it and be taken. His indefatigable labour finished in a day and a-half this new work of his invention. The pit he covered over with green branches, and the next day had the satisfaction of seeing two tolerable large lamas taken in it.

He now thought himself sufficiently provided with meat. He would have been puzzled where to lay it all up during the winter, if the earthquake had not furnished him with a cellar in every respect complete: for close by his cave another piece of the hillock had sunk about two fathom in depth, and thereby formed a second cavern, opening, as well as the first, into his enclosure. He had now his dwelling apartment, kit-

chen, and cellar, all adjoining each other, and placed as conveniently as if they had been planned and laid out by art.

There now remained three things more, which done, he was to count himself fully guarded and provided against the expected approach of winter: hay was to be made for his lamas; a stock of wood to be laid up for firing; and all his potatoes were to be dug up, and lodged in the cellar.

Hay he had collected in a pretty large quantity, and stacked it up in his courtyard, as haymakers do here; and whenever he put fresh hay on it, he trod it down so hard that the rain could not easily soak into it. But here experience taught him a little more of haymaking, though at the expence of some labour and trouble.

You must know, he had not taken care to dry the hay perfectly. Whenever this happens, and it is at the same time pressed down tightly in the stack, it begins to heat, next to smoke, and at length it takes fire. This was a matter that Robinson had never
heard

heard of when he was young; for he had never much troubled his head about farming business; but in his present situation he learned how useful it is to remark everything, and to collect as much information as possible, even though we cannot foresee how far it may, one day or other, become useful.

His surprise was great, indeed, when he saw, all of a sudden, his haycock begin to smoke; but he was still much more astonished, when, on thrusting his hand into it, he found the inside burning hot. He could not persuade himself but that the hay was on fire, though he could not possibly conceive how the fire could get in there.

He took down the haycock, therefore, as fast as possible; but was very much surprised to find no fire, and to see that the hay was every where extremely hot and moist. He was, therefore, at last, convinced, (as was really the case) that the moisture alone caused the hay to heat, though he could, in no wise, conceive how that should be.

Rich. I must own I find it hard to imagine how wetness alone can make any thing heat.

Mr. Bill. My dear Richard, there are a thousand such effects as this in nature; and human reason, which hath been reflecting on them for many ages, hath clearly discovered the true causes of many of them. These useful discoveries are comprised in a science, of which, perhaps, you do not know the name. It is called Natural Philosophy. There you may find the reason of this remarkable effect of moisture, as well as many other appearances in nature that are extremely singular. And if you continue to apply yourself properly to the sciences which you are learning at present, I will teach you also that of natural philosophy, which will give you inexpressible pleasure. Here it would be to no purpose to introduce it, because you could not understand what I should say to you.

Robinson then dried his hay afresh, and made it up into a fresh haycock, which could stand secure against both wind and

rain. To render it still more secure, he *topped* it with a covering of reeds, scarce inferior in firmness to our thatch roofs.

For some days following, he employed himself in gathering as much dry wood as he judged he should want. After this, he dug up his potatoes, and found them a very considerable stock. These he laid up carefully in his cellar. Lastly, he shook the lemon-tree, and brought home as many of the fruit as were ripe, to preserve them too against the winter; and now he was freed from all apprehensions of want during the bad weather.

But though it was almost the end of October, the cold, which had made Robinson so uneasy, was not to be felt in the least. Instead of that, the weather turned to rain, and it rained so incessantly that the air seemed to be changed into water. He did not know what to think of it. For a fortnight together, he never put his foot outside of his cave, unless to go to the cellar, the haystack, or the spring, to fetch
victuals.

victuals and water for himself and his lamas. The rest of the time he was obliged to pass like a prisoner.

How heavily the hours crept on! Nothing to do, and all alone! My dear children, it is impossible for you to imagine a greater misery! If any body could have given him a book, or pen, ink, and paper, he would, with great chearfulness, have given one day of his life for every sheet of paper. "Oh!" said he now and then to himself, with a heavy sigh, "how silly was I in my younger days to look upon reading and writing as something tiresome, and idleness as something agreeable! The most tedious book in the world would now be a treasure to me, and I would prefer a sheet of paper, with pen and ink, to the possession of a kingdom."

During this wearisome time, necessity forced him to have recourse to all sorts of employments which he had not hitherto tried. He had been meditating a long time whether it would not be possible for him to
make

make an earthen pot and a lamp; things which would have rendered his situation incomparably better. He ran, therefore, in the middle of the rain, to look for potter's earth; and, having found a sufficient quantity of it, he immediately began to work.

The making of earthen vessels did not succeed with him all at once: he made many ineffectual trials at first; but, having nothing else to do, as often as his work was finished, and not to his liking, he amused himself with breaking it to pieces, and beginning afresh. He spent a few days in this manner, his work affording him amusement rather than trouble, until at length his pot and lamp were finished so complete, that it would have been ill-nature to break them again. He placed them, therefore, in his kitchen, not far from the fire, to dry gradually. After this, he went on making other pots, pans, and pipkins, of different shapes and sizes; and the more he practised this work, the more ready he became at it.

The rain continued, in the mean time,

without interruption. Robinson, therefore, saw himself under the necessity of inventing other domestic labours to keep himself from the unpleasant effects of having nothing to do. His first task was to make a fishing net. He had laid in, beforehand, a pretty good stock of packthread, which came now very seasonably into use. As he took time enough, and had the patience to try a thing ten times or more, which did not succeed with him at first, he found, at length, the true method of making the knots, and he became as clever at the work as any woman or girl in this country who practises making nets or purses: for he had invented also an instrument of wood, which he cut with his knife of flint, something in the form of a spit; and with this he contrived to make a net, which, for goodness and real use, was little inferior to our common fishing nets.

It next came into his head to try whether he could not make a bow and arrows. The thought of this set him all alive, when he considered the many great advantages that

a bow would procure him! With a bow and arrows he could kill lamas, he could shoot birds, and—what was by far more important—with these he could defend himself in his dwelling place, if ever the savages came to attack him. He was all impatience to see the bow finished, and ran, notwithstanding the rain and the wind, to look for the proper wood.

For it was not every sort of wood that was fit for the purpose; it should be at the same time hard and supple, that on the one hand it might be bent without much difficulty, and on the other, when bent, might endeavour to return to its former state.

Rich. It should be *elastic*, papa; should it not?

Mr. Bill. The very thing. I did not know that you remembered the signification of that word, and therefore I did not chuse to make use of it.

Having, therefore, found and cut a piece of this sort of wood, he carried it home, and began immediately to work upon it. But,

alas ! how did he then feel the want of a proper knife ! He was obliged to cut twenty times to bring off as much wood as we could cut at once with a knife of steel. Though he worked from the rising to the setting of the sun at this task without the least intermission, he was obliged to be eight whole days about it. I know some people who would not have had such patience.

Geo. (to the other children) Papa means us now.

Mr. Bill. George, you have just guessed it; and do not you think that I am right ?

Geo. Why, yes, papa. But, for the future, I will take care to go on with whatever work I once begin.

Mr. Bill. You will do well. Robinson, at least, found the advantages of doing so. He had the inexpressible joy of seeing his bow finished on the ninth day; and now he wanted nothing but a string and arrows. If he had thought of it when he killed the lamas, he would have tried, perhaps, to make strings of their guts; for he knew
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that in Europe, it is common to make them out of sheeps guts. For want, therefore, of catgut he twisted a string of packthread, and made it as strong as possible. After this he proceeded to make his arrows.

What would he have given for a small piece of iron to point his arrows with ! But wishing was to no purpose. As he stood at the door of his cave, considering how he might supply the want of iron points to his arrows, he turned his eyes, by chance, on the lump of gold which lay there still on the ground as a thing of no use. "Go," said he, spurning it with his foot, "go, useless metal, and become iron, if you wish that I should value you ! " And, with these words, he turned away from it, not deigning to look at it again.

By dint of thinking on the subject over and over again, he, at length, remembered to have heard that the savages of some nations make use of fish bones and sharp stones to point their lances and arrows ; and he resolved to imitate them in this respect : at
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the same time he formed the design of making a lance or spear.

These two things were immediately put into execution. He ran to the sea-side, and was lucky enough to find some fish-bones and sharp flints, exactly such as he wanted. After this, he cut a long, straight staff for the spear, and returned home wet to the very skin.

In a few days the spear and the arrows were finished. He had pointed the spear with a sharp stone, and the arrows with strong fish-bones; to the other end of his arrows he tied feathers, to make them fly the better.

He then tried how his bow would shoot; though it wanted a number of things, which he could not possibly add to it for want of iron tools, he found it, however, tolerably handy for shooting birds, or other small animals. He did not even doubt but he should be able, with this bow, to wound a naked savage dangerously, provided the savage would let him come near enough.

He

He had still better reason to be pleased with his spear.

His earthen pots and his lamp seemed now to be sufficiently dry. He resolved, therefore to make use of them. In the first place, he put into one of his new pipkins a lump of fat, which he had taken out of the lamas that he killed. This fat he intended to melt, and use as oil for his lamp. But he had the mortification to perceive that the fat, as soon as melted, soaked through the pipkin, and filtered out, drop by drop, so that very little remained in the pipkin. He concluded from thence, that the lamp and pots would have the same defect, and consequently never be of any use to him; a conjecture which experience very soon verified.

What a disagreeable accident! He had made himself so happy in thinking that he should soon spend the evenings pleasantly by the light of a lamp, and be able, once more, to taste a dish of broth; but now all these fine hopes seemed to vanish in a moment.

Henry. It was certainly a great vexation to see so much trouble lost.

Mr. Bill. Without doubt it was so; and some people, that I know, would have been provoked to fling all the work away, and never meddle with pot-making again. But Robinson was, by this time, pretty well practised in patience, and had taken it strongly in his head that a thing should never be done by halves, while it was possible to finish it completely.

He sat down, therefore, in his *studying corner* (for so he called one of the corners of his cave, where he used to sit down when he had a mind to exercise his invention), and there he rubbed his forehead. "Whence comes it," said he to himself, "that the pots in Europe, which are made of earth as well as mine, are, nevertheless, much more compact and do not soak through?—Why that is because they are glazed—Hum! Glazed? Now, what may that be properly and how is it done?—Aha! I think I know now! Yes, it must be so! Have not

I read somewhere, that sand and several other substances, such as earthen vessels, are of the nature of glass, and might be turned into real glass by a strong fire? It must certainly be so that they manage it: they put the earthen ware into a hot furnace, and when it begins to melt, they take it out lest it should be entirely changed into glass. Yes, yes, that is the whole art. I must do in the same manner."

No sooner said than done: he kindled a good fire in his kitchen, and when it was in full blaze, he put one of his pipkins into the very middle of it. However, it was not long there before—crack it went, and split in pieces.—“Heyday!” said Robinson, “who would have thought it?”

He sat down again in his studying corner. “What could have been the reason of this?” said he to himself.—“Have I ever met with any thing similar to this before?—Eh! certainly I have. In winter-time, when we have put a tumbler full of cold water or beer on a warm stove, did not the
glass

glass break immediately?—Has it ever happened that the glass did *not* break? Yes, when it was put on the stove before it was quite hot, or when we put a piece of paper under it. Very well: I am pretty sure of one thing: ay, ay, that must be the case. I must take care not to put it upon the fire all at once, but to let it grow warm first. I must take care also that the fire do not come to one of the ends of it—A lucky thought!” cried he, quite overjoyed, and starting up to make a second trial.

This succeeded rather better. The pipkin did not split; but, then, on the other hand, it was not glazed neither.

“How comes this?” said Robinson to himself. “And yet I thought the fire was hot enough. What can it possibly want still!” After meditating a long time upon the matter, he thought, at length, he had hit upon the reason. He had made the experiment with a fire which was not closed up in a stove or oven, but burned in the open air. This fire lost its force too soon,

and was too much spread on every side to heat the earthen ware sufficiently for glazing it. Robinson, therefore, determined to stick to his principle of not doing things by halves, and to construct a proper open or furnace like those in the potteries; but for this it was requisite that the weather should be more favourable.

For, you must know, it rained still incessantly; nor did the sky, at last, begin to clear up till after the expiration of two months. Robinson thought now that the winter was going to set in; whereas, behold ye, the winter was past! He could scarce believe his eyes, when he saw every appearance of spring—the grass green and tender, the trees budding out and blossoming, and fresh flowers beginning every where to blow; and yet it really was so. The thing was beyond his comprehension, though he saw it clearly before his eyes. “This will be a warning to me,” said he, “never for the future to deny any thing hastily that I do not understand.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Bill. Did not he go to bed when he had said so?

Geo. Oh ! mamma, we are none of us the least sleepy.

Mr. Bill. I am not very positive whether he did or not ; my information fails me in that respect. However, as I find nothing else remarkable in this day's occurrences, as they appear in the old history of Robinson's adventure on the island, I presume that, after these words, he actually did go to bed. And we will do the same, that, like him, we may rise tomorrow with the sun.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

GEORGE. Papa, I should like to be in Robinson's place now.

Mr. Bill. Would you really ?

Geo. Yes, for now he has every thing that he wants, and lives in a fine country where there is never any winter.

Mr. Bill. Every thing that he wants; has he?

Geo. Yes: has not he potatoes and meat, and salt and lemons, and fish and turtle, and oysters; and do not the lamas give him milk? He can make butter and cheese now.

Mr. Bill. So he has too, for some time past, though I forgot to mention it.

Geo. Well, and then he has a bow and arrows, and a spear, and a snug place to live in. What more could he wish?

Mr. Bill. Robinson knew very well the value of all these good things, and thanked God for them; nevertheless, he would have given the half of his remaining life for the arrival of a ship that would carry him to his own country.

Geo. Ay! why what did he want still?

Mr. Bill. Many things; an infinite deal of things, not to say every thing. He wanted
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ed those blessings without which there can be no true happiness here below, as society, friends, beings of his own species, whom he might love, and by whom he might be, in his turn, beloved. Far from his parents, whom he had so severely afflicted; far from his friends, whom he could not hope ever to see again; far from men, from all men, from all the world; alas! in this melancholy, what joy could he taste, had he even the richest abundance possible of all the good things which this earth affords? Try, my little friend, try only once, but for one single day, to be quite alone in a solitary place, and then you will know what a life of solitude is!

Besides, Robinson was far from having his many other wants gratified. His cloaths were falling by degrees all to rags; nor did he know how he was to have new cloaths when these should be past use.

Rich. Oh! As to cloaths, he might very well do without them in an island where it was so hot, and where there was no winter.

Harriet. Oh fie! would you have him go naked?

Mr. Bill. It is true, he had no occasion for cloaths to protect him from the cold; but he had much occasion for them to guard his body from the insects with which this island swarmed, particularly muskitoes.

Edw. What are these creatures, these muskitoes?

Mr. Bill. A sort of flies, whose sting is much more painful than that of ours. In whatever country they are found, they torment the natives exceedingly; for their stings produce almost as painful swellings as those of bees or wasps do with us. Robinson's face and hands were almost always swelled with them. Now, what must he expect to suffer when once his cloaths were worn out! and that time was coming very fast.

This, together with his earnest and longing desire to behold his parents, and society in general, once more drew many a sigh from
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from him, when standing on the sea-shore, and looking, with moistened eyes, over the boundless ocean, he could distinguish nothing but the sea and sky. How did his heart sometimes flutter with empty hope, when, in the distant horizon, he perceived a small cloud, which his imagination represented to him as a ship in full sail! And when, at length, he discovered his mistake, how the tears would trickle from his eyes, and his heart seem ready to burst as he returned home slowly to his habitation!

Harriet. He should have prayed for the coming of a ship; perhaps his prayers might have been heard.

Mr. Bill. He did so, my dear Harriet. He prayed night and day for his deliverance from the desert island; but he never forgot, at the same time, to add, "Not mine, O Lord! but thy will be done."

Harriet. Why did he add that?

Mr. Bill. Because he was now perfectly convinced that the Supreme Being knows much better than we do what is for our in-

terests. He reasoned thus: "If it be the good pleasure of my heavenly Father to let me remain here longer, he certainly has very good reasons for it, though I cannot see them; consequently, I ought to pray for my liberty, barely on condition that his wisdom shall think it to be for my advantage."

Lest a vessel should happen any day to pass or cast anchor near the island, at a time when he was not near the sea-shore, he resolved to fix, on the neck of land which jutted out towards the sea, a signal by which all who should come in sight might be informed of his distress. This signal was no more than a pole, on the top of which he fastened a banner.

Edw. Ay! where did he get the banner?

Mr. Bill. I am going to tell you. His shirt was then in such a state, that it was impossible to wear it longer. He took, therefore, the largest slip of it, shaped it into a kind of banner or flag, and fixed it on the pole that he was to stick up.

He

He would have been very glad to put up also, on his pole, a label, with an inscription, to give a clearer idea of his distress ; but how was this to be done? The only way in his power was to cut out the letters with his knife of flint. Next to this the question was, in what language the inscription should be. If it were English, there might come by ships of other nations, as Dutch, Spanish, or French, and the people might happen not to understand it. Luckily he recollected some Latin words, by which he could express what he wished.

Geo. But would seamen understand that?

Mr. Bill. The Latin language, you know, is common in all countries of Europe, and most men who have received any education, know, at least, something of it. Hence Robinson hoped, that, in whatever ship passed that way, there might be one or two, at least, who would understand his inscription. He, therefore, put it up.

Rich. What was it, then?

Mr. Bill. *Ferte opem misero Robinson!* Do you understand, George?

Geo. Yes, papa. *Help the unfortunate Robinson !*

Mr. Bill. His greatest inconvenience now was the want of shoes and stockings. They were fallen to pieces, and the muskitoes did so furiously attack his naked legs, that he knew not where to fly from them. His face, his hands, and his feet, were so swelled by the stings of these insects, since the raining season, during which they had multiplied prodigiously, that he seemed no longer to be the same person.

How often did he sit down in his studying corner, to think of some way to cover himself ! But always to no purpose. He had neither instruments nor skill to provide himself with what he wanted, and what he found so indispensably necessary.

The skins of the lamas that he had killed appeared the readiest means whereby he might clothe himself ; but these skins were still raw and stiff, and unfortunately he had never troubled himself concerning the manner in which tanners and curriers pre-

pared the raw hides ; and even if he knew how to do this, he had neither needle nor thread to sew the leather, or make it serve for any part of his dress.

Nevertheless, necessity was pressing. He could neither work by day, nor sleep by night, the flies did persecute him so incessantly with their stings. Something must be done, or some fortunate accident take place to hinder him from perishing in the most miserable manner.

Henry. In fact, to what purpose were these miserable insects created, since they are only a trouble and torment to us ?

Mr. Bill. Why, I might, in my turn, ask you, to what purpose were we created, you and I, and other men ?

Henry. On purpose that we might be happy in the world.

Mr. Bill. And what could have induced our Creator to propose this object to himself, in creating us ?

Henry. His goodness, which is so great that he did not desire to be happy alone.

Mr.

Mr. Bill. Very well, and do you not think that these insects also enjoy a sort of happiness?

Henry. Yes, that I can easily imagine. We see how they rejoice when the sun shines and it is pretty hot.

Mr. Bill. Right; and does not this reason give you to understand to what purpose they were created? Namely, that they also may rejoice upon the earth, and be as happy as their nature will permit them. Is not this purpose perfectly consistent with infinite goodness?

Henry. Yes; only I think that the Supreme Being might have created such animals alone as do harm to nobody.

Mr. Bill. Be thankful to your Creator that he has done no such thing.

Henry. Why?

Mr. Bill. Because, otherwise, neither you nor I nor any of us would ever have existed.

Henry. How so?

Mr. Bill. Because we belong precisely to
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the most devouring and destructive species of animals in the world. All the other creatures of the earth are not only our slaves, but we even kill them at our pleasure; sometimes to eat their flesh; sometimes to have their skins; sometimes because they are in our way; sometimes for other reasons which we could not easily justify. How much more cause, therefore, would the insects have to ask why that cruel animal man was created? Now, what would you answer to a fly that should ask you this question?

Henry (hesitating). Why—indeed I don't know.

Mr. Bill. Now, for my part, I would speak to him in these words: "My friend, Mr. Fly, your question is very inconsiderate, and shews that you have not a thinking head, and that you know not the art of reflection; otherwise you would easily have discovered, with the smallest grain of thought, that the Supreme Being hath, merely of his goodness, created several of his

his creatures in such a manner that one is obliged to live upon others: for, if he had not done so, he could not have created by one half so many species of animals as he has, because grass and the fruits of the earth would have been sufficient but for a few species of living creatures. To the end, therefore, that all nature might be animated—that there might be every where, in the water, in the air, and on the earth, living animals which should rejoice in their existence, and to the end that one species of creatures might not multiply too much to the destruction of another, it was necessary that our wise and good Creator should destine some of his creatures to furnish the subsistence of others. Thou thyself, friend fly, dost feast on the blood of other animals, and even on ours. Why shouldst thou take it amiss if the spider catch thee in her web, or the swallow devour thee as a sweet morsel?

What think you, Henry? Would not the fly, if it were wise, be contented with this answer?

Henry. I don't know, papa. I am contented.

Mr. Bill. Well, now we will return to our friend Robinson.

Necessity forced him to help himself the best he could. He took the skins, therefore, and cut out of them with his knife of flint, but not without a great deal of trouble, first a pair of shoes, and then a pair of stockings. He could not sew either of them: he was obliged, therefore, to content himself with making eyelet-holes in them, and lacing them to his legs and feet with a string; which was no doubt subject to great inconveniences: for though he turned the hair outwards, he still felt a violent heat in his feet. Besides, the skin, which was stiff and hard, blistered his feet, and took the skin off at the least attempt that he made to walk, and so caused him very great pain. However, he chose to endure this rather than the stings of the muskitoes.

Of another piece of skin, which was very stiff and a little bent, he made a mask,
cutting

cutting in it two small holes for the eyes, and another for the mouth, that he might be able to breathe.

And, since he had begun this work, he resolved not to quit it until he had finished with making himself a jacket and trowsers of lamas skin. It is true, this task was much more difficult; but have we any thing without trouble? and what is there in which we do not succeed at last, with the requisite patience and application? Thus he also accomplished his design, which filled him with inexpressible joy.

The jacket was composed of three pieces, which were joined together by strings. Two of these pieces served for the arms, and the third for the body. The trowsers consisted of two pieces, one before and one behind, and they were laced at the sides. When the jacket and trowsers were finished, he put them both on, with the resolution never to dress himself again in his old European cloaths, which were half torn to pieces, except upon the birthdays of his father

ther and mother, which he celebrated as solemn festivals.

His dress was then the most singular that can be imagined : from head to foot covered in skins, with the hair outwards ; instead of a sword, a large hatchet of stone by his side ; on his back a pouch, with a bow and quiver of arrows ; in his right hand a spear almost twice as long as himself, and in his left a wicker umbrella, covered with leaves of the cocoa-nut tree : lastly, upon his head, instead of a hat, a cap of wicker-work, rising in a point, and covered in the same manner with skins, the hairs outward. Imagine to yourselves what a figure all this must cut : nobody that saw him accoutered in this extraordinary equipage, would suspect him to be a human creature : nay, he could not help laughing at himself, when, being on the bank of a rivulet, he saw his image in the water in this dress for the first time.

After this, he resumed his potter's work. The oven was soon finished, and then he
had

had a mind to try whether, by force of an exceeding great fire, he could not produce a sort of glazing on his pots. He put them, therefore, and his pipkins into it, after which he made up by degrees so great a fire, that the oven was red hot from one end to the other. This violent fire he kept up until evening, suffering it then to go out by degrees, and being very curious to know the result of his labour. But what, think ye, was the result of it? The first pot that he took out was not glazed, notwithstanding all that he had done, nor the second neither, nor, in short, any of them. But, at last, in examining one of the pipkins, he perceived, with equal joy and surprise, that this, and this alone, was covered at bottom with a real glazing.

This was to him a riddle which he could by no means solve. “What reason in the world could there be,” said he, “why this single pipkin is a little glazed, and not one of the other vessels, though they were all made of the same earth, and baked in one
and

and the same oven?"—He thought and thought again, but he was a long time before he could see the least glimpse of any thing that seemed likely to explain the mystery.

At length, he recollected that there had been a little salt in this pipkin when he put it into the oven. He could not help thinking, therefore, that the salt alone must be the cause of the glazing.

Rich. But was it really the salt, papa, that produced this effect?

Mr. Bill. Yes: what Robinson now discovered by chance has been long known in Europe; the addition of salt is the true cause why many things turn to glass in the fire: so that he only need have rubbed the earthen ware with salt water, or barely have thrown a little salt into the oven when heated, and immediately all his pots would have been properly glazed.

This, therefore, he resolved to try the next day. And now the fire blazed under his oven, and already he had rubbed some
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of his vessels with salt water, and put dry salt in others, on purpose to make the two experiments at the same time, when, in the midst of his work, he was interrupted by an accident which he had dreaded a long time—he was taken ill. He felt pains in his breast and head, and a great weariness all over his limbs, and was threatened with the most terrible situation that a man can possibly experience.

“ Good Heaven ! ” said he to himself ; “ what will become of me if I cannot rise out of bed ! if there is no compassionate being to take care of me, and come to my assistance in my illness ! no friend to wipe off the sweat of death from my forehead, or offer me any refreshment ! —Heavens ! what will become of me ! ”

Sinking under the weight of his distress, as he said these words he fell to the ground, quite exhausted.

Ah ! it was in this moment of trial that he had more occasion than ever to possess a firm and filial confidence in his heavenly Father, who is every where present, and su-

premely good. Deprived of all human assistance, forsaken by his own strength, what remained to prevent his dying in misery? Nothing but the assistance of God; no other support had he to expect in the whole world.

He was on the ground in an agony of distress: his hands were clasped strongly together; and, unable to speak, unable to think, he looked stedfastly up towards heaven. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Mercy!" was all that he could utter now and then, fetching at the same time most heavy sighs and groans.

But this state of anxiety did not suffer him long to remain inactive. He mustered up what strength he had still remaining, in order, if possible, to place near his bed whatever he should most want for refreshment, that he might not be entirely destitute of it, in case the sickness absolutely prevented him from rising. He was barely able to carry a couple of cocoa-nut shells full of water, and place them beside his bed. He next laid some roasted potatoes there, and four

four lemons which he had still remaining, and then, not able to stir an inch farther, he fell down with weariness on his miserable bed.

If it had pleased his Maker to take him out of the world by a sudden death, how contentedly would he have yielded up his life! He even prayed that it might be so; but very soon he reflected that this prayer was not reasonable. “Am I not a child of God?” said he to himself; “Am I not the work of his hands? is he not my father, and a tender, wise, and almighty father? How have I, then, the boldness to prescribe to him what he should do with me? Doth he not know best what is good for me, and will he not act so as to allot me that which is good? Yes, he will; God is benevolent, merciful, and almighty. Be at rest, then, O my soul; turn thee to thy Maker in those moments of discomfort—towards thy God—who delivers from all distresses! He will assist thee, he will assist thee, whether in life or in death!”

After these words he was somewhat encouraged, and raising himself upon his knees,

he prayed with all the earnestness possible, saying, "I resign myself to thee, O my heavenly Father; I resign myself to thy fatherly guidance! Dispose of me according to thy good pleasure. I will bear contentedly whatsoever thou allottest me; only grant me strength to bear—it is all that I ask of thee. O merciful Father, grant me patience under my afflictions, and an unshaken confidence in thee. Hear this prayer, this only earnest prayer of thy poor child who is in misery; hear it for thy tender mercy's sake!"

At the same time he was attacked with a violent ague. Though he covered himself all over with the dried lama skins, yet he could not keep himself warm. This cold fit lasted full two hours, and was succeeded by a hot fit, which was like a burning fire through all his veins. His breast, by the violent beating of his pulse, heaved and sunk like the breast of a person that is out of breath with running. In this terrible situation he had scarce strength enough to

lift the cocoa-nut shell, with the water in it, to his mouth, that he might cool his burning tongue.

At length a violent sweat broke out all over his body in great drops, and that afforded him some ease. When, at the end of about an hour, it abated, he recovered his spirits a little, and then he was distress with the idea that his fire would go out if fresh wood was not put on. He crept, therefore, weak as he was, upon all fours, and threw as much wood upon the hearth as would be sufficient to keep the fire until the next morning; for night was now approaching.

It was the worst night that ever he passed in his life. The cold and hot fit of his ague followed each other without intermission. He had a violent and continual pain in his head, and could not close his eyes the whole night. All this weakened him so much, that in the morning he was scarcely able to crawl towards the heap of wood to replenish his fire.

Towards evening his illness increased afresh;

afresh: he tried again to go as far as the hearth, but for this time he found himself unable. He was obliged, therefore, to give up all thought of keeping in his fire; and this, in effect, soon became a matter of indifference to him, as he now expected death to approach in a short time.

This night was as restless as the last. In the mean time the fire went out; the remainder of the water that was in the coconut shells began to spoil, and Robinson was no longer able to turn himself in his bed. He thought he felt the approach of death, and his joy on this account afforded him sufficient strength to prepare himself for his last journey with a devout prayer.

He again humbly asked forgiveness of God for his sins, and then thanked him for all the blessings that he had vouchsafed him—unworthy as he was—during the whole course of his life. But, particularly, he thanked him for the afflictions which had been sent him for his amendment, and he acknowledged sincerely how wholesome they had been to him. Lastly, he prayed

for the comfort and happiness of his poor parents; after which, he recommended his immortal soul to the eternal mercy of his God and Father.—He then settled himself, and waited for death with joyful hope.

And, indeed, death seemed to advance fast; his pains increased, his breast began to rattle, and his breathing became more and more difficult. Ah! behold the wished-for moment! It seems to come at length. A pain, such as he had not felt before, seized his breast; he suddenly stopt breathing, felt a convulsive shuddering, sunk down on his bed, and was deprived of sense and motion.

All the young company remained silent for a pretty long time, and by their sorrow shewed the respect that they bore to the memory of their friend whom they had never seen—"Poor Robinson!" cried some of them, sighing. "Heaven be praised!" said others; "he is now delivered out of all his pain!" And thus they separated for that evening, rather more quietly and with more appearance of thoughtfulness than usual.

TWELFTH EVENING.

CHARLOTTE. Well, papa, what will you read us this evening?

Mr. Bill. You all seem to expect, my dears, that I should read you something instructive and amusing for this evening. What say ye? shall I go on with the adventures of Robinson Crusoe?

Charlotte. How! why, Robinson is dead.

Rich. Do not be in a hurry, Charlotte. He may have recovered. Don't you remember that we thought him dead once before? And yet he was alive.

Mr. Bill. We left Robinson, after his convulsive shuddering, fallen into a swoon, deprived of sense and motion, and, in short, more dead than alive: nevertheless, he came to himself again, and recovered his senses and faculties.

The children. Ah! that is right—we are all of us glad that he is not dead.

Mr. Bill. The first token of his breathing again was a deep sigh. He opens his eyes, looks round him to know where he is. At that moment he doubts his being alive; but his doubts were soon removed. He, then, falls into a fit of melancholy, and, in his present situation, would have preferred death to life.

He feels himself very weak, but free from all troublesome pain. The burning heat, which tormented him before, is now succeeded by a kindly sweat all over his body. To encourage it, he covers himself well up with skins, and before half an hour was at an end, he found himself considerably relieved.

But now he was seized with a violent thirst. The water that remained was no longer drinkable: luckily, he thought of his lemons: he put one of them to his mouth, and so weak was he that his teeth could scarcely enter it; but when he had sucked a little of the juice, he found himself greatly refreshed,

refreshed, and his thirst quenched. He now composed himself to rest, his perspiration still continuing, and enjoyed an agreeable slumber until sunrise.

How pleasing was the sense of his existence at present, compared with what he had felt the day before ! The violence of his disorder was entirely abated ; nothing remained of it but an excessive weakness. He found his appetite return already ; he took a roasted potatoe, and sprinkled it with a drop of lemon-juice, to render it less insipid and more refreshing.

For two days past he had taken no notice of his lamas ; they now afforded a moving sight : some of them looked at him, and seemed to ask if he were recovered yet. Fortunately these animals, as well as camels, can do without drinking for several days, otherwise they would have been very badly off, having never wet their lips for two days. Besides, Robinson being yet too weak to rise and fetch them water, they

were likely to be deprived of it still for some time.

The oldest of the lamas having come up close to him, he exerted the little strength that he had in milking her, that she might not go dry. Her milk, no doubt, assisted Robinson's recovery; for, after drinking it, he found himself considerably better.

After this, he fell asleep again, enjoyed a most refreshing slumber, and did not awake until sunset. He perceived that his appetite was increased: he satisfied it again with some potatoes sprinkled with lemon-juice, and then went to sleep once more.

This calm, uninterrupted sleep, together with his good constitution, contributed so effectually to the recovery of his strength, that the very next morning he was able to rise and attempt to walk a few steps, though he still staggered with weakness.

He crawled out of his cave into the space before it. There he lifts up his eyes to Heaven. Some beams of the rising sun, piercing

piercing through the leaves of the trees that surrounded him, shone agreeably on his face, and re-animated him with their pleasing warmth. He thought he felt himself receive new life. “Eternal source of being!” cried he, “God of my life! what thanks shall I render thee for giving me to behold, once more, the bright star of day, and by its light the wonderful works of thy hands! Receive my gratitude, for that thou didst not forsake me when all forsook me; for that thou hast restored me to life afresh, doubtless in order that I may have more time to devote to repentance, and that I may not waste a moment of my remaining life without forwarding that work, the only *one thing needful*, that I may ever be found ready to take my flight towards the place of man’s eternal destination, where each shall receive the reward of his good or bad actions.”

From these effusions of gratitude towards his Creator, he naturally passed to the admiration of the creatures. His looks wan-

dered, sometimes, over the immensity of heaven's azure vault; sometimes over the fresh and smiling verdure of the trees and shrubs, besprinkled with pearly dew, sometimes on his lamas, which, by crowding round him, seemed to caress him and express their joy. He felt a pleasing emotion, like that of a traveller, who, after a long absence, enters, once more, the bosom of his beloved family. His heart being moved with tenderness, and overflowing with the kindest sentiments, which sought, as it were, to expand themselves, he shed a flood of tears; but they were tears of the purest joy.

The advantage of being able to take the air, and the use of milk mixed with spring water, together with the contentedness of his mind, contributed to his perfect recovery. In a few days all his strength returned, and he found himself in a capacity to begin again his former occupations.

He went first to examine his new-made earthen ware, and to see how it had succeeded. As soon as he opened the oven, what
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an agreeable surprise ! All his vessels were as well glazed as if they had been the work of an experienced potter. In the height of his joy for this success, he does not perceive that his ware is of no use to him ; he forgets that his fire is out. When, at length, he recollected this circumstance, he stood motionless for a while, and, hanging his head, fixed his eyes, sometimes on his pots, sometimes on his fire-place, and ended with heaving a deep sigh.

Nevertheless, he was able this time to moderate his vexation, and to contain it within due bounds. “ The same good Providence,” said he to himself, “ which before provided you with fire, has always more than one way at hand to provide you with it again, and you will not be deprived of it, if Heaven thinks fit.” Besides, he was already taught that he had not the rigors of winter to fear ; and though he was accustomed, from his childhood, to live chiefly on meat, yet he hoped to be able, and not

inconveniently, to do without it, and live upon fruits and the milk of his lamas.

Charlotte. Why, he might have used his smoked meat for victuals; there would have been no necessity for dressing it.

Mr. Bill. That is true: but how was he to have smoked meat?

Charlotte. O! I forgot that.

Mr. Bill. After all, he was not sorry that he had made the pots and pans: they were convenient to hold his milk, and the largest he intended for a very particular use.

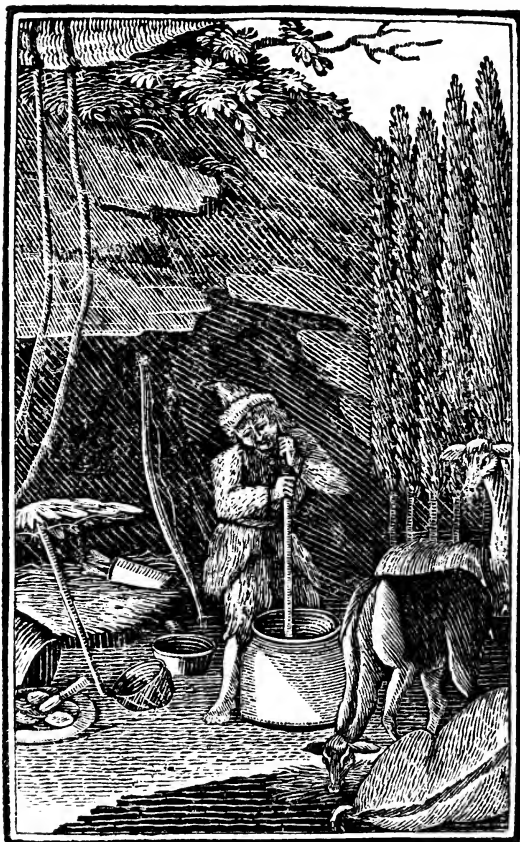
Rich. What was that?

Mr. Bill. He thought, if his potatoes were accompanied with butter, he should relish them better than without.

Rich. I suppose-so.

Mr. Bill. Not being able to make a churn of wood, he had a mind to try whether he could not churn butter in a large earthen pot. He gathered, therefore, as much cream as he thought would be sufficient. He shaped out also a round flat piece of wood, in the center of which he
made





made a hole to receive a stick. This instrument he held upright in the cream pot, and moved it with an incessant motion up and down, up and down, until the butter was, at length, separated from the buttermilk. He then washed the butter in clean spring water, and made it up with a little salt.

He was now, once more, happy in the accomplishment of his design; but, at the very moment when he was going to reap the fruits of his industry and perseverance, he recollected that he must think no more of potatoes, for want of fire to roast them; a circumstance which, in the warmth of executing his design, he had never once thought of. He has butter, but he can make no use of it; he looks at it, he wishes for it, he puts it from him, he grows sorrowful. Disappointed in his hopes, he finds himself just as he was at first, in danger of wanting every thing. It is true, the oysters, the milk, the cocoa-nuts, and flesh, either raw or dried in the sun, might afford him nourishment;

ishment; but was it certain that no accident would deprive him of these resources? And the most deplorable of all was, that he could invent no means to render his unhappy lot better or more secure.

What shall he undertake now? Whatever his hands, without the help of tools, were capable of performing, he has already executed; and it seems now as if he had nothing left to do but to pass the remainder of his life in idleness and sleep. Dreadful destiny! He cannot bear the thought of it. He was now become so accustomed to work that he could not live without employing his time in some useful occupation. In the latter part of his life, he would often say, that his reformation was principally owing to this single circumstance; that he was constrained, when in solitude, and deprived of all assistance, to provide for his wants himself by persevering labour; and he would add, "Constant employment is the mother of a crowd of virtues, as habitual idleness is the source of all vice."

Rich.

Rich. He was very right; when one has nothing to do, one thinks of nothing but follies and nonsense.

Mr. Bill. It is ~~even~~ so; and, therefore, young persons are advised to accustom themselves early to employment. The character that we chiefly put on when we are young, as idleness or industry, activity or slowness, virtue or wickedness, generally remains with us all our lives.

Edw. We should apply that to ourselves.

Mr. Bill. Do so, my dear children, and conduct yourselves accordingly: you will never repent it. Our unfortunate Robinson turned and turned again on every side to try what he might undertake, in order to avoid idleness. At length he found an employment. Can you guess what it was?

Rich. Were I in his place, I know what I would have done.

Mr. Bill. Ay! Let us hear your plan.

Rich. I would have undertaken to tan the lama skins, that their stiffness might not hurt me when I put them on. Besides, the
hair

hair must be very inconvenient in a country where the heat is so excessive.

Mr. Bill. How would you have set about it?

Rich. Oh ! I know very well how the tanners do. We have been more than once to see them at work.

Mr. Bill. Well.

Rich. First they put the raw hides in water, and let them steep there for some days; from thence they carry them to the *leg*, on which they scrape them, to force out the water with which they are soaked. After sprinkling them with salt, they cover them up carefully to keep the air from them. This they call *sweating* the skins. In fact, they do sweat whilst in this situation: it is easy to perceive a steam issue from them. Thus prepared, they are easily deprived of their hair, which is done by scraping them again. After this part of the work, they put the skins into what they call the *tan*, composed of leaven, the bark of birch tree, and a sharp liquor made with oak bark.

Lastly,

Lastly, they place them in the tan vat, where they sprinkle them with a liquor made also of oak bark, and from hence they take them out to *curry* or *dress* them; in a word, to put the finishing hand to them.

Mr. Bill. Very well, my little friend; but do you know for what use skins thus prepared by the tanners are intended?

Rich. Oh! yes: they are made into shoes, boots, coach-harness, and many other things.

Mr. Bill. Other things which do not require so soft and pliable a leather as that, for instance, of which gloves are made.

Rich. Oh! no.

Mr. Bill. Who is it, then, that prepares this sort of leather?

Rich. The skinner or fellmonger: but we have never been in the workshop of any who follow that business.

Mr. Bill. Robinson was nearly in the same predicament. He had never been in the workshop either of tanner or fellmonger, consequently he could not endeavour to imitate either of them.

Edw. Then how does the fellmonger manage his skins?

Mr. Bill. He begins like the tanner, with this difference, that he does not steep the skins either in tan or in lime, (for this is also used by the tanners) but he makes use of warm water, with bran and leaven, and afterwards a lee of ashes:—but we will go some day and see them at work.

Rich. If he had known the business even as well as any skinner, he could not have attempted to dress skins for want of bran and leaven.

Mr. Bill. That is clear: so that he was obliged to give up all thoughts of it.

Edw. But how, then, did he intend to employ himself?

Mr. Bill. His thoughts were employed night and day about building a little boat.

Rich. What use did he intend to make of it?

Mr. Bill. Do you ask what use? To try, by means of it, to return amongst his fellow-creatures, and to deliver himself from
the

the solitude to which he was confined against his will, and which was become more dismal to him ever since he was deprived of fire. He had reason to think that the continent of America was not far off; and he was determined, if he had a canoe, be it ever so slight, to face every danger, and land, if possible, on this continent. Full of this idea, he hastened out one day to seek and make choice of a tree, which he might convert into a boat, by hollowing out the trunk of it. With this design he traversed several parts of the island where he had never been before, and remarked, in his way, several plants that were unknown to him, and on which he resolved to make experiments, to find whether they would answer the purpose of food. Amongst others he observed some stalks of maize, or Indian corn, as it is called.

Edw. What, that sort of corn of which you have two fine ears hanging up in the back parlour?

Mr. Bill. The same. He admired the large-

largeness of the heads, or, more properly speaking, the ears, on each of which he reckoned more than two hundred large grains, closely ranged, one beside the other, and resembling grains of coral. He had not the least doubt but this corn might be used for food, or even for bread. But how was it to be ground? How was the flour to be separated from the bran? How was it to be made into bread, or, indeed, into food of any sort, without the help of fire? Notwithstanding all these considerations, he carried off some ears of it with him, intending to sow the grains. “How do I know,” said he, “but I may reap considerable advantage from these in the end?”

A little further on he discovered a fruit tree of a species quite new to him. From this tree hung vast numbers of large husks, one of which he opened, and found in it about sixty nuts of a particular sort. Though they were not very agreeable to the taste, yet he put one or two of the nicest husks into his pouch.

Rick.

Rich. But what fruit might that be?

Mr. Bill. They were cacao-nuts, of which they make chocolate.

Edw. Ah! now he may have chocolate for the future.

Mr. Bill. Not so fast. In the first place, he does not know that he has chocolate-nuts in his possession: besides, these nuts should be roasted, then bruised, and ground up with sugar, and, we all know, he was as little provided with sugar as with fire. In order to improve the flavour of the chocolate, they commonly add different sorts of spices, as cardamum, vanilla, and cloves; but these were unnecessary niceties to be deprived of, which gave him not the least concern in comparison with the want of fire.

At length he came to another tree, which was as little known to him as the former. The fruit of it was as large as that of the cocoa-nut tree, but had neither husk nor shell: the whole was eatable, and of an exquisite flavour. This tree was also quite differently

differently shaped from the cocoa-nut tree. It did not consist, like the latter, of a trunk which rises straight up its whole height, and bears a topping of thick foliage; but this had branches and leaves, like those of our fruit trees. He learned afterwards that it was the bread tree, so called because its fruit serves the natives for bread, sometimes just as it grows, but more commonly pounded and made into a sort of dough.

He observed, that the trunk of this tree, from its great age, was already a little hollowed on one side; and immediately he thought it would answer for the boat that he had in contemplation, if he could only find means to cut it down and hollow it sufficiently. But then to cut down so useful a tree, while, on the other hand, it was uncertain whether he should ever be able to make a canoe of it!—this thought startled him. And weighing every thing for and against it, in his own mind, for a long time; he carefully marked the spot, that he
might

might find it again, and went away without having determined upon any thing.

In his walk he found, what he had long wished for, a parrot's nest. The discovery gave him a great deal of pleasure. He went towards it without the least noise, and was stretching out his hands to clap them on the nest, when the young parrots, which were strong and well fledged, took to flight, and escaped from him all but one, more slow than the rest, which could not get away, and remained his prisoner. He hastened, therefore, home to his habitation, more pleased than if he had found a treasure.

Edw. But what great advantage did he expect from a parrot?

Mr. Bill. He hoped to teach him to pronounce some words, that he might have the satisfaction of hearing a voice which imitated that of man. As to us who live in society, who enjoy the happiness of seeing men every day, and hearing them, and conversing with them, we, perhaps, may look upon it as a very trifling and childish satisfaction

satisfaction which Robinson promised to himself from hearing the parrot's chatter ; but if we place ourselves in the same circumstances with him, we shall easily be sensible, that what to us, in our present condition, appears but a shadow of pleasure, must afford substantial satisfaction to poor Robinson in his state of solitude.

When he came home, he made a cage as well as he could, in which he lodged his new guest, placed it on one side of his bed, and went to rest with a mind as happy and rejoiced as that of a man who has gained a new friend.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

MR. BILL. I have assembled you this evening sooner than usual, because, my dears, I intend to hold a consultation with you before I go on with the story.

The

The Children. Well, papa, we are now all in our places. What is to be the subject?

Mr. Bill. It is a question which has disturbed Robinson's mind all night, and has not suffered him to close his eyes a moment.

The Children. What could it be?

Mr. Bill. It is this. Shall he cut down the bread tree which he saw the day before, or leave it standing as it is, uncertain whether he should ever be able to make a boat of it?

Rich. I should be far from meddling with it.

Edw. For my part, I would cut it down.

Mr. Bill. Here are two opposite votes, one for cutting down, the other for preserving the tree. Let us hear those who have not spoken yet on the subject.

Geo. I am of the same way of thinking with Richard.

Charlotte. And so am I, papa; we must let the tree stand.

Henry. No: it must be cut down; the unfortunate Robinson must have a canoe.

Harriet. Indeed I think so too.

Mr. Bill. The voices are divided, and equal on both sides. Let those who are for cutting down the tree come on my right hand, and those who are of the contrary opinion on my left. Very well; both parties face each other. Let us now hear the reasons that each will advance in favour of his opinion. Richard shall speak first, and tell us why he is for saving the tree.

Rich. Because it bears a valuable fruit, and the species is rare upon the island.

Edw. It is but an old tree; the advantage of gathering fruit from it will not last long.

Rich. How can you tell that? It has but a slight hollow in it as yet; and how many trees do we see, the trunks of which, though hollow, do not hinder them from bearing fruit for many years?

Harriet. Let Robinson only graft a few slips

slips of this tree, he will be sure to preserve the species.

Geo. Ay! Do they grow up and bear fruit so soon? Four or five years may very well pass before he has any fruit.

Henry. And is it not better to have a canoe, and return to the society of men, than to stay in his island, though he were to feed ever so plentifully upon the bread made of the fruit of this tree?

Rich. Why, ay, if the canoc could be finished so very soon. But how is he to cut down this tree? How is he to hollow it out, with nothing but a stone hatchet?

Edw. Let him work with perseverance; let him not be impatient: I dare say he will accomplish it at last.

Geo. But he has no sail. What voyage can he undertake in an open boat?

Harriet. He may use oars.

Charlotte. A pretty notion indeed! Do not you remember when we were in a boat down the river, near Putney, and one of the watermen's oars broke, he was obliged to

go ashore and borrow another, as he said we could not be rowed home with only one?

Edie. Oh! that was a large boat, and there were nine or ten of us in it. But Robinson, in his little skiff, wants nothing but a pair of oars to guide himself happily far away from his present solitary habitation.

Mr. Bill. You see, my dear children, the question is not so easy to resolve. None of the reasons that you have mentioned on both sides had escaped Robinson's attention. He had passed the whole night in reflecting; for to examine whether it be more convenient to do a thing or not to do it, is called *reflecting*. Ever since Robinson had felt the bitter consequences of his hasty resolution to travel, he had made it a law with himself never to undertake any thing without first maturely reflecting upon it; and in the present case, also, he determines to observe that law. Having turned the question and examined it in every point of view, he found it came to no more than this: Whether it be reasonable to sacrifice a slight, but certain

tain advantage to a great one, but uncertain? Here he recollected the fable of the dog, which swimming across a river with a piece of meat in his mouth, lost it by endeavouring to snatch at the reflection of it in the water. He remembered, on the other hand, the custom of husbandmen, who sacrifice grain which they might make use of, but do it with the hope of being richly repaid by a plentiful harvest.

“Yes,” said he to himself, “the dog’s greediness was folly; he caught at a vain shadow, which it was impossible for him to possess. But the hope of the husbandman, on the other hand, is well founded, and his conduct sensible; he has in view a real advantage, though, it is true, some accidents may hinder him from obtaining it.

“Am I not, therefore, in the situation of the farmer? With persevering labour, may I not hope to succeed, at length, in making a canoe out of this old tree? And if my first undertaking succeeds, does reason forbid me to expect that I may escape from this

solitary island, and arrive, by means of my canoe, at some place inhabited by men?"

This thought, so flattering to his warmest wishes, made a lively impression on him; so that he started up that moment, took his hatchet, ran to the tree, and cut into it.

If ever he undertook a long and troublesome task, it was certainly this. A thousand other men would have been discouraged; the hatchet would have fallen out of their hands after the first stroke; they would have looked upon the undertaking, if not extravagant, at least as impossible. But we have seen already, that Robinson made it a rule never to suffer himself to be turned from his purpose when he had well considered it; he was, therefore, unshaken in his resolution of going through with this enterprize. Were it to cost him twice the time and fatigue that it required, yet the thought of giving it up would never enter his head. From the sun's rising till about noon, he never ceased working, and then his hand would have covered or filled up the whole that he had made in the trunk





by the thousands of strokes which he laid on it. From this we may form some idea how long a time it will require him to cut down a tree of such a thickness, and to make a boat of it.

Being convinced that it would be a work of some years, he thought proper to regulate his occupations, and divide his time, so that each part of the day might have its own work allotted to itself. Experience had taught him, that in a life of labour nothing helps industry so much as regularity, and a methodical distribution of the work to the different hours of the day. I will give you an account of the division that he made of his time and his occupations, each of which had its peculiar portion of the day to itself. He rose at break of day, and went directly to the spring, where he washed his head, hands, breast, and feet. Having no linen to wipe himself dry, he let the air dry his body, and assisted it by running, as he generally did, straight home to finish dressing himself. He then went up to the top of the
hillock

hillock at the foot of which his cave was situated. His sight being then hindered by no object, he traversed, at one view, all the beauties of nature that were comprised in this vast horizon. The sight elevated his soul. In the posture, therefore, which he thought most respectful, and in the sincerity of his heart, he worshipped and prayed to the Author of all Things; and never failed particularly to entreat that he would make his parents happy, whom, though he had forsaken, he never forgot. He then returned to his cave, and milked his lamas, which were now encreased in number to a little flock. He breakfasted on some of the new milk, and the rest he put up in his cellar. These were the cares that employed the first hour of the day.

Now, being provided with whatever was necessary to his security or his convenience in working, he went down, if it was low water, to the sea side, where he gathered what oysters he could find for his dinner; if not, he repaired immediately to the tree of
which

which he intended to make a canoe. His lamas generally followed him, and grazed about while he was at work.

About ten o'clock the heat was generally so excessive that he was obliged to quit his work. He then went to the sea-side to look for oysters, if he had not found any in the morning, and at the same time to bathe, which he did regularly twice a day. Before noon he returned home with his flock. He now milked his lamas a second time, and prepared a sort of cheese from the milk which had curdled, and then laid out his dinner, which, being tolerably frugal, was soon done. It consisted of new cheese dipped in milk, some oysters, and half a cocoa-nut. There was one circumstance of which he had no reason to complain, and that was, that he had not by half so great an appetite in this hot country as people generally have in cold climates: yet, as he was accustomed from his childhood to eating meat, he longed for it, and, in order to satisfy his wish as far as was possible, had
recourse

recourse to his scheme of drying it in the sun. At dinner time, he amused himself with his parrot ; he spoke to it, and frequently repeated certain words, with the hope of hearing it pronounce some of them one day or another.

Henry. What did he feed it with ?

Mr. Bill. Parrots, when they are wild, generally feed upon cocoa-nuts, acorns, the seed of gourds, and other such matters : when tame, they are fed with whatever is fit for a man to eat : so that Robinson was very well able to keep his with cheese and cocoa-nuts.

After dinner, he commonly reposed himself, for an hour, either under the shade in the open air, or else in his cave surrounded by his lamas, and with his parrot at his side. Sometimes, as he sat, he would fix his eyes upon these animals, and speak to them (like a child that speaks to its doll), as if he expected them to understand what he said. So necessary did he find it to communicate his ideas and his sentiments to living creatures,

tures, that he often forgot the impossibility of his being understood by the animals which surrounded him. When his parrot, which he called Poll, repeated a word distinctly, in the height of his joy he would imagine that he had heard the voice of a man. He forgot island, lamas, parrot, and all; his fancy made him suppose himself in the midst of human creatures again. But soon recovering from this pleasing illusion, and finding himself in a dismal solitude, he would sigh heavily, and breathe forth this short expression of complaint, "Poor Robinson!"—About two o'clock —

Edw. How could he always tell what hour it was?

Mr. Bill. He did as husbandmen sometimes do; he observed the height of the sun, and judged from thence that it was such or such an hour nearly.—About two o'clock he returned to the tree to work at his grand design. He continued two hours each time at this laborious task, and then returned to the beach to bathe himself again, and to gather more oysters. The rest of

the day he spent in working in his garden. Sometimes he sowed maize, or planted potatoes, hoping that, if he should ever have fire again, they might both be of great advantage to him. Sometimes he grafted from the bread tree; sometimes he watered the young grafts: sometimes he would plant a quickset hedge to enclose his garden: sometimes he cropped the willows which surrounded the space before his cave; he bent and fixed their branches in such a manner, that as they grew they might form a kind of bower.

Much to Robinson's grief, the longest day was, in his island, but thirteen hours. In the middle of summer it was night at seven o'clock. Whatever required daylight for the performance of it, must be finished before that time. Therefore, as night drew on, that is to say, about six o'clock, if he had no other more important business upon his hands, he went through his exercise.

Rich. What does that mean, papa?

Mr.

Mr. Bill. It means that he exercised himself at shooting with the bow, and throwing the spear, that he might be able to defend himself if he should happen to meet with a savage or a wild beast, for he was never perfectly free from the dread of these. By degrees, he acquired so great a degree of dexterity in both the exercises above mentioned that he seldom missed a mark of the size of a crown, though at a pretty good distance from him. When night came on, he went home to milk his lamas for the third time, and took a moderate supper by the light of the moon or stars.

Lastly, he crowned the labours of the day by meditating at night upon his own conduct. Sometimes he went to sit up on the top of the hillock, from whence he could behold the starry vault of heaven at one view, and contemplate it with admiration. Sometimes, also, he took a walk upon the sea-side, to breathe the air freshened by the evening breeze. Then he would ask himself—"How have you spent the day?"

Having received fresh mercies, have you blessed the divine source from which they flowed? Has your heart been filled with love and gratitude to your heavenly Benefactor? In your trouble have you put your confidence in him? In your gratifications have you forgot him? Have you rejected the evil thoughts that offered themselves to your imagination? Have you suppressed the extravagant wishes that rose in your breast? In a word, are you become really better than you were?"

Whenever to these or the like questions his conscience could return a good answer, and testify that the state of his soul was comfortable, he sung a hymn to the praise of the Supreme Being who had assisted him in advancing one step in the road to virtue. When, on the contrary, he had reason to be not so well pleased with himself, the thoughts of having thus lost a day filled him with sorrow; for he counted the day lost when he had thought or done any thing which he could not approve at night.

Whenever

Whenever this was the case, then close by the notch that he made every day upon the tree which served him by way of almanack, he made two notches crossing each other; and this served to put him in mind of his fault, that for the future he might be better on his guard, and not fall into the same error.

Thus, my dear children, Robinson laboured to correct himself and to become better every day. Do you also sincerely resolve to form your hearts to virtue? I advise you to follow the example that he now gives you. Like him, reserve an hour privately every evening, to give an account to yourselves in silence of the manner in which you have spent the day; and, if you find, either in your thoughts, words, or actions, any thing which your consciences dare not avow, keep a book wherein you may mark down the same, to put you in mind of it from time to time, that, having before your eyes the fault of which you have once been guilty, you may ever afterwards

wards take more care to avoid it. By thus labouring to improve yourselves every day you will also continually increase your own satisfaction and happiness.

My dear children, I doubt not that you will afford me every proof of your attention and docility, and this very night begin to put in practice the good advice which I have just now given you.

END OF VOL. I.

